

In Repugnant Things We Discover Charms



Alba Pratalia

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WE DISCOVER CHARMS

By Alba Pratalia

Prologue

The Anatomy of Power

The Setup

The courthouse smelled of stale coffee and disinfectant, but Séverine "Sévy" Moreau carried her own atmosphere—whiskey, cigars, expensive perfume, and raw dominance. She was already winning the case, of course. Her client, a career criminal who had relieved an old lady of her pension with a flick of a knife, would walk free. The prosecutor was a joke. The evidence was circumstantial. But there was still **one** loose end.

A witness.

A nobody. A working man who had stupidly decided to **do the right thing**.

The Mark

Robert Dawson. Thirty-eight. Factory worker.
Married to the same woman for fifteen years.
Father of three. Honest, decent, and utterly
weak. He had taken the day off—**unpaid**—to
testify because his conscience told him to.

Sevy adjusted her silk blouse, crossed her legs,
and watched him from across the courtroom.
He was already sweating, probably from
nerves. Good.

When the recess was called, she made her
move.

The Seduction

The women's restroom on the third floor was
empty—she had made sure of it.

Robert followed her inside, like a lamb being
led to slaughter.

"I—I don't think I should be here—"

"Shut up," Sevy purred, pressing a manicured finger against his lips. She locked the door.

A pause. A heartbeat. Then she **pounced**.

Her lips were on his neck, her nails tracing his chest through his cheap polyester shirt. The scent of her, the heat of her—he was already hard, his body betraying him before his conscience could fight back.

"You're going to perjure yourself," she whispered, pressing him against the sink. "You didn't see my client do anything."

"I—I can't—"

"You **will**."

She unbuckled his belt. He groaned. Weak. Predictable.

She stroked him, slow, teasing, just enough to scramble his pathetic, monogamous mind. He

was breathing hard, his resolve cracking with every expert touch.

"You're a good man, aren't you, Robert?" she murmured. "Faithful. Honest. A real role model."

He was shaking now. She knew **exactly** when to stop.

She pulled away, leaving him **aching**, desperate.

His dazed expression was **pathetic**.

"Please," he whispered.

Her nails dug into his chest. "Not yet."

Then, she screamed.

The Betrayal

The door slammed open. A janitor. A guard.

The prosecutor.

Robert was still exposed, still **hard**, still looking like the **guilty piece of shit** she had just manufactured.

Tears streamed down Sevy's perfect face. Her blouse was torn—**she had made sure of that**.

"He tried to force himself on me!" she sobbed.

"I—I fought him off, but he—"

Gasps. Outrage. Handcuffs.

Robert **broke** in real-time.

His wife's face in the crowd, frozen in horror.
His children's. The **entire courtroom** turning against him.

The Verdict

The case was over in days. His wife left him.
His children wouldn't look at him.

The courtroom was a slow symphony of ruin.

Robert Dawson sat hunched in the defendant's chair, a broken man in a cheap suit, his hands trembling on his lap. His wife wouldn't look at him. His three children were absent—**too ashamed** to be there. The prosecutor droned on, his righteous fury reduced to bureaucratic monotony. The judge barely looked up. The jury? They had already made up their minds days ago.

And Séverine Moreau?

She was **bored**.

She sat cross-legged, her silk skirt draping elegantly over her toned thighs, her posture relaxed but commanding. From the outside, she was the image of professional indifference, her piercing eyes half-lidded, her fingers lightly stroking the stem of her reading glasses.

But **underneath** the table, concealed by her tailored designer ensemble...

Ecstasy.

The Womanizer™ pressed snug against her clit, pulsing, sucking, dragging her to the very edge of bliss. She controlled it with a subtle flick of her perfectly manicured fingers, dialing the intensity up, then easing back, prolonging the sensation.

She kept her breathing steady. A delicate twitch of her lip. The faintest flutter of her lashes. No one knew.

No one knew how wet she was.

No one knew how hard she was fighting to keep herself composed as the gavel loomed, as justice—a **farce** in this courtroom—prepared to take another man's life and grind it into dust.

Then it came.

The gavel.

Three deafening, final knocks.

"Guilty."

Robert Dawson gasped as though he'd been **physically struck**. His wife sobbed. His mother screamed. His lawyer sank into his chair, defeated.

And Sévy?

Came.

A shudder, expertly hidden. A sharp inhale disguised as nothing more than courtroom decorum. Heat flooded her veins, her stomach tightening, pleasure wracking her body in a silent, perfect explosion.

No one knew.

No one except her.

As the courtroom descended into chaos—
Dawson's mother wailing, reporters rushing to
file their pieces, the judge already moving on to
the next case—Sévy simply stood, adjusting her
skirt, sliding the spent toy from between her
legs with a quick, practiced motion.

She smoothed a hand over her blouse, ran her
tongue over her lips, and turned toward the
exit.

On the way out, she patted Dawson's lawyer on
the shoulder.

"Good effort."

Then she walked into the blinding afternoon
sun, **utterly satisfied**.

Robert Dawson, the good man, the honest man, the family man—was now a **registered sex offender**.

Chapter 1

The Art of War

The restaurant was a temple to power. Soft jazz hummed beneath the murmur of calculated conversations, each table a battlefield where fortunes were negotiated, careers destroyed, alliances forged. Crisp white tablecloths, muted lighting, the scent of wealth disguised as restraint.

Dr. Séverine Moreau entered like a storm wrapped in silk. The maître d' straightened before he could register why, instinct kicking in before thought. Heads turned. Some pretended not to look. Others didn't bother.

The waiter, mid-bow, barely had time to pull out her chair before her voice sliced through the air, a command without hesitation.

"Martini. Gin. Large. Icy. No vermouth. No garnish. Now."

Not a question. Not a request. A reality that simply had to manifest.

The waiter vanished before she had fully settled into her seat. Across from her, a man shifted uneasily. Mid-fifties, expensive suit but not custom—new money trying to look old. A lawyer from the opposition, sent as a sacrificial lamb. He had been sweating before she even arrived. Now he was drowning.

She let the silence weigh on him. Power wasn't in words—it was in who could afford not to speak.

The waiter returned, hands steady but pulse probably racing. A frozen glass, a gleaming liquid that caught the light just enough to

remind her of the reason she was still here:
money. Pure, untraceable, absolute.

She took a sip. Perfect. **"Good boy."** The waiter nearly bowed again.

She turned to the man across from her. **"You have thirty seconds. Convince me you're not a waste of my time."**

He swallowed hard.

The game had begun.

The man barely managed to inhale before the waiter, moving with the quiet grace of a trained professional, reached for his drink—an untouched, doomed glass of overpriced sparkling water.

Before he could protest, Séverine flicked her fingers dismissively, eyes never leaving him.

"He'll have a Moscow Mule. Easy on the vodka."

The waiter nodded, retreating without a word.

The man blinked. She was right. **"How did you—"**

She smirked. **"Twenty seconds."**

A pause. A beat. The realization that she wasn't going to explain. That she didn't need to.

He recovered poorly. Adjusted his tie. Cleared his throat. **"Ms. Moreau, I—"**

"Dr. Moreau," she corrected, voice smooth as silk, sharp as a scalpel.

His Adam's apple bobbed.

She took another sip of her martini, watching him over the rim. This was the part she

enjoyed most—the moment they realized they had already lost.

The man froze.

"Excuse me?"

Séverine didn't blink. She swirled the gin in her glass, let the silence settle, let the command hang there like a guillotine blade waiting to drop.

"Take off your left shoe."

He stared at her, lips parting, some half-formed protest dying before it could embarrass him further.

She arched a perfect brow. **"Ten seconds."**

A flicker of panic. Then, hesitantly, he reached down under the table. The leather creaked as he slipped the shoe off, awkward, humiliated.

She smirked.

The waiter returned, placing the Moscow Mule before him with silent efficiency. The man hesitated, eyes darting to the cold copper mug, to her, to the polished leather shoe now sitting like a dead thing beneath the table.

Séverine took a slow sip of her martini, relishing the moment. Then, with the lazy grace of someone utterly in control, she leaned forward just slightly.

"Now, let's see if you can still convince me you're worth my time."

The man stiffened.

"What?"

Séverine didn't repeat herself. She never repeated herself. Instead, she tilted her head slightly, watching him with the detached

amusement of a cat toying with a half-dead mouse.

He swallowed hard, glancing around the restaurant. The quiet hum of power continued—silverware clinking, murmured conversations, polished deals being carved into existence. No one was watching. No one *ever* watched until it was too late.

"Your left sock," she said, as if correcting an oversight.

His breath hitched. He hesitated. Then, slowly, he reached down again, the under-table maneuver even more awkward this time. Leather brushed fabric. A quiet shuffle. His fingers fumbled at the cuff.

The sock came off.

He straightened, face flushed, left foot now absurdly exposed under the table.

Séverine smirked. A slow, satisfied thing. She took another sip of her martini, icy and perfect.

"You know," she mused, "I can always tell how a man negotiates by how quickly he follows orders."

The man exhaled sharply. Embarrassed. Confused. Still desperate to hold onto whatever shred of dignity remained.

She let the silence stretch.

Then, finally, she leaned back in her chair, utterly at ease, and said the words that would define the rest of his day:

"Now, convince me you're not pathetic."

The man's breath hitched, his pupils dilating as he registered what had just happened—or rather, what had just been revealed.

Séverine, still impossibly composed, took another slow sip of her martini, the rim of the glass kissing her lips with the kind of control that made men beg and empires fall.

"Foot me."

His exposed foot twitched.

He blinked, as if his brain had short-circuited. A dozen thoughts collided in his head, none of them useful. His hands clenched against the white tablecloth, a flicker of something primal flashing behind his eyes.

A bead of sweat rolled down the side of his temple.

The Moscow Mule sat untouched. Ice melting.

Séverine simply watched, waiting. The expression on her face wasn't seductive. It wasn't playful. It was something far more dangerous—expectant.

She had given an order.

The only question now was whether he was man enough to obey.

The hesitation lasted just long enough to amuse her.

Then, slowly—clumsily, at first—he lifted his bare foot beneath the table.

The contact was tentative, uncertain, the awkwardness of a man who had never been in this position before. Séverine arched a single brow, not in approval, but in amusement.

"Try again," she murmured.

A slow exhale from him. A recalibration.

Then—better. More deliberate. The pressure of his sole against the soft heat between her thighs.

She didn't react. Not visibly. But her grip on the stem of her martini glass tightened just slightly.

The restaurant hummed around them, oblivious. Businessmen haggled over contracts. Politicians whispered deals over expensive steaks. Power moved like a current, unseen but ever-present.

And beneath the table, Séverine Moreau reminded a man what it meant to be owned.

She took another slow sip of her martini. Then, without breaking eye contact, she spoke.

"Now. Tell me why you're here."

Her voice was smooth. Unaffected. As if she were discussing stock options.

The man swallowed hard, his voice strained, but he obeyed. Of course he obeyed.

Because there was no other option.

The man's throat bobbed as he swallowed, his pulse visibly hammering beneath the starched collar of his overpriced but unimpressive suit.

He had walked into this meeting thinking it was a negotiation.

He was wrong.

This wasn't a meeting. This was war. And Séverine Moreau never lost.

Beneath the table, his bare foot adjusted—hesitant, uncertain. She let out the softest exhale, not from pleasure, but from mild irritation.

"Not like that," she murmured, as if correcting a waiter who had brought the wrong vintage.

A pause. Then, a shift. He tried again.

Better.

Her grip on the stem of her glass tightened, just slightly.

Her gaze never wavered.

"Make me come. Hard. And I won't ruin your client into poverty."

The words landed like a gunshot. The kind that didn't kill outright—but left a man bleeding out, knowing the end was inevitable.

He inhaled sharply, his entire world narrowing down to the impossible task before him.

She smiled. Not because she was enjoying this—though she was. But because she already knew how this would end.

She always did.

It took time. More time than he probably expected.

His breath grew ragged. His forehead dampened. His leg muscles, unused to this absurd level of exertion, cramped and spasmed. He shifted in his seat, adjusting, readjusting, trying not to groan—not from pleasure, but from sheer physical agony.

Séverine, meanwhile, remained the picture of ease. Of control. She didn't so much as blink as he struggled beneath the table, his bare foot moving in desperate, rhythmic precision.

She let him suffer. Of course she did.

She sipped her martini, cool and unbothered, even as the telltale shiver began creeping up her spine. Even as the sharp, sweet edge of pleasure coiled in her belly, winding tighter, tighter.

Then—just as the moment built, just as the wave threatened to break—she lifted the glass to her lips.

And as she came, she tipped her head back and downed the rest in a single, effortless gulp.

The gin burned cold and perfect, mixing with the molten heat inside her.

She exhaled. Smoothed the napkin over her lap. Adjusted her posture as though nothing had happened.

Across from her, the man sat utterly ruined. Sweating, panting, one foot bare, the other still

trapped in an overpriced loafer. His calf probably in excruciating pain.

Séverine met his gaze. Tilted her head.

"Well," she mused, voice as smooth as the drink she had just finished. **"I suppose your client will live to see another fiscal quarter."**

The man sagged in relief.

She smirked.

"For now."

The waiter had been watching from a polite distance, trained to read the air of power plays without ever acknowledging them. As Séverine leaned back, a satisfied, feline stretch in her posture, the young man approached with impeccable timing.

She didn't need to turn her head. Didn't need to gesture.

"I'll have my other martini now. The gentleman is leaving."

A pause. The faintest smirk.

"And picking up the check."

The man across from her, still reeling from exertion, humiliation, and whatever vestiges of pride he had left, opened his mouth—perhaps to protest, perhaps to plead—but then he caught her gaze.

Cold. Dismissive. Final.

There was no argument to be made.

With a resigned exhale, he reached into his jacket, pulled out his wallet, and dropped his black card onto the table like a man signing his own execution order.

The waiter, professional to the last, simply nodded.

"Very good, madame."

The defeated man rose—awkwardly, his muscles betraying him, his left foot still absurdly bare.

Séverine, meanwhile, took the fresh martini as it arrived, swirling the icy liquid with a delicate flick of her wrist.

She didn't look up as he shuffled away, limping slightly, his sock crumpled in his hand like a forgotten piece of dignity.

Only when he reached the door did she allow herself the smallest smirk.

Checkmate.

As Séverine strode into her office, the air itself seemed to tighten. Conversations in the outer hall hushed. The junior associates, sharks in training, pretended to be engrossed in their work, terrified of even making accidental eye contact.

And then there was **Mrs. Bleeding**.

Her secretary. Her only true rival in evil.

She had once been beautiful, in the way that black widow spiders are beautiful. Now, in her sixties, she was refined, sharp, and **absolutely indestructible**. Four times a widow. All suicides. **All unexplained**. The pensions flowed like passive income, but she worked as **Séverine's secretary for passion**.

Mrs. Bleeding snapped off her chair the moment Séverine entered, spine straight, eyes gleaming with malicious efficiency.

"The meeting?" she asked, already knowing the answer.

Séverine didn't slow. She tossed her coat over a chair, sat at her desk, and crossed her legs with the air of a woman who had just conquered another piece of the world.

"Send the *cha-ching* invoice," she said, plucking a cigar from the box on her desk.
"And call Georgetown."

Mrs. Bleeding didn't hesitate. She never did.

She turned on her heel, moving with the practiced efficiency of a woman who had arranged more deaths than most war generals. As she reached the door, she paused just long enough to glance back, eyes glittering with professional malice.

**"Georgetown will be on your desk mic in
twenty seconds."**

Then she was gone, closing the door behind her with the kind of finality that made men sweat.

Séverine leaned back. Twenty seconds. Enough time to enjoy the afterglow of absolute dominance.

The world outside continued—petty lawsuits, pathetic negotiations, desperate men clinging to their last shreds of dignity.

Séverine slipped off her some-thousands-of-dollars stilettos with a practiced ease, the kind that came with knowing she could buy ten more pairs without a thought. Her feet, flawless and arched like a work of art, found their place on the edge of her desk.

Toes so perfect, men would draft declarations to suck them. **Tarantino had once offered two million for a cameo—just her feet. She'd turned him down, of course.** Money was easy. Power was better.

As the desk mic buzzed softly, she didn't bother to lean forward. Instead, with the precision of a predator, she pressed the button with her toe, her thumb toe to be exact, her movements both deliberate and lazy.

The voice crackled through.

"He's on the plane. To you tonight. Will be staying at the Plaza. Likes steak."

Her lips curled into a slow, predatory smile.

"So do I. He's buying."

There was a pause on the other end of the line, hesitation thick enough to taste. Then:

"But he's the—"

She clicked the mic off with her toe, the faint *click* like a gunshot in the silence of her office.

Séverine Moreau didn't take "but's."

She leaned back in her chair, letting her toes stretch luxuriously, the smile never leaving her face. Tonight would be entertaining. For her, at least.

The Plaza's rotisserie was a cathedral of excess. Polished brass, deep mahogany, chandeliers that dripped opulence. The kind of place where men in power gathered to pretend they weren't terrified of women like her.

Séverine Moreau strode in **with a giant Montecristo clenched between her teeth**, the thick Cuban hanging from her lips like a declaration of war.

As she passed the "**No Smoking**" sign, she **dragged her manicured nails across it, slow and deliberate**, the soft screech of her nails against plastic turning heads before her presence did.

A waiter stiffened. A manager looked up, instinctively reaching for his tie. Conversations quieted just enough for people to **register the disturbance**—a woman, alone, smoking where

she shouldn't, walking like she owned the ground beneath her.

Because she did.

At the center of the dining room, a man sat waiting. **Plaza Suite. Expensive watch. Posture that said he thought he was in control.**

Poor thing.

Séverine walked straight to his table, never removing the cigar from her lips. She **exhaled a slow, thick plume of smoke directly into the chandelier's light**, watching it swirl like a dragon stretching its wings.

Then she pulled out a chair, sat down across from him, and bit down on the Montecristo as if it were a lover's neck.

"You're buying."

The man blinked. A half-second hesitation.

She smirked. **"I take my steak rare. You?"**

The man had barely parted his lips to speak before she cut him off, voice smooth as silk and sharp as the knife that would soon carve into her steak.

"Oh, don't worry. We'll fuck."

She took the Montecristo from her lips, exhaling another slow stream of smoke, letting it curl between them like a promise—or a threat.

"So relax."

His Adam's apple bobbed.

"And brief me."

A flicker of confusion in his eyes—this wasn't how these games were played. Not by people like him. He was used to power coming with conditions. Séverine? **She was the condition.**

He swallowed. Sat up straighter. Adjusted his tie, stalling.

She tilted her head, amusement flickering across her features. **"Tick tock, darling. My patience is thinner than this cut of Wagyu they're about to bring out."**

He exhaled, surrendering, **because that was the only option.**

And then, finally, he spoke.

The man leaned in, finally finding his voice.

"Billions of euros. With a B, not an M."

Séverine lifted an eyebrow, unimpressed. If it wasn't a *B*, it wasn't worth her time.

He continued, lowering his voice despite the fact that no one in this overpriced rotisserie had the balls to eavesdrop on her table.

“From Spain to the Caymans. Clean transfers, layered perfectly. But the Spanish Ministry got wind of it.”

She smirked. “The Spanish Ministry gets wind of nothing unless someone hands them a fan.”

The accountant gave a tight, humorless smile. “Someone did.”

She exhaled a stream of smoke, watching him squirm. “And?”

He sighed. “Owner of the euros is in jail. Madrid. Facing everything from tax fraud to ‘national economic sabotage.’ They want him to rot.”

She rolled her neck, stretching, letting the cigar dangle from her fingers. “He wants out.”

The accountant nodded. **"And he's willing to burn everything to get out. Names, accounts, methods. If he starts talking—"**

Séverine cut him off with a single raised finger. **"Stop being dramatic."**

She let the silence linger. Tapped a single ash onto the pristine white tablecloth.

"You don't need me to get him out."

The accountant stiffened. He knew what was coming.

She grinned, teeth flashing behind a cloud of smoke. **"You need me to make sure he doesn't talk."**

His throat tightened. **"Exactly."**

She took another slow drag from her Montecristo, then flicked the half-smoked cigar onto the **No Smoking** sign across the room,

watching it smolder as a terrified waiter
scurried to put it out.

Then she turned back to the accountant.

"Well, darling, you're in luck."

She leaned in, voice a whisper of silk and steel.

"Because I *love* a challenge."

The waiter approached with the ice tray, an
ostentatious display of **mere Wagyu**
masquerading as Kobe. Each cut arranged in a
ridiculous hierarchy of thickness, **from delicate**
millimeters to slabs of three fingers, prices
climbing absurdly with each centimeter.

Séverine glanced at the tray, then at the waiter,
her expression dripping with disdain, as though
the entire farce of offering her a "choice" was
some kind of sick joke.

The waiter, sensing his error, immediately bowed, retreating into submission. He turned to the man at the table, silently pleading for rescue.

The accountant, still sweating from the earlier exchange, tried to summon some semblance of authority. His voice came out forced, an attempt at control:

"Madame will have a Macallan. Double. So will I."

The waiter froze.

Séverine's eyes shifted, slowly, lazily, until they landed on the accountant like twin daggers.

She let the silence simmer.

Then, with the faintest smirk, she corrected him:

"Madame will have a Talisker. Bottle."

She leaned back, her voice dropping an octave, her amusement razor-sharp.

"And monsieur will stay in his place."

The accountant's jaw tightened. He didn't dare respond. The waiter, his professionalism barely concealing his relief, bowed deeply and scurried off.

Séverine flicked a speck of invisible lint from her lap and turned back to the man across from her.

"Now," she said, with a sip of triumph already in her tone, **"where were we?"**

As the accountant droned on, detailing accounts, shell corporations, and backdoor deals, Séverine tuned him out. Numbers were boring. **Violence, however, was art.**

In her mind, **a scene unfolded**, something straight out of **De Palma's *Scarface***.

A **black helicopter** hovered menacingly over Madrid's skyline, its rotors slicing the air like the hand of God. The city sprawled below—cathedrals, parliament, history, all oblivious to the spectacle unfolding above.

And there, **dangling from the open side door**, was the man. **The "Euros Guy."** Sweating, screaming, kicking against the inevitable. His suit was pristine—**tailored, expensive, soon to be ruined by gravity**.

A figure in shadow held the rope, boots planted firmly against the chopper's metal frame. Maybe **it was her**. Maybe **not**. What mattered was he was **hanging**.

Swinging.

Dying.

A warning.

A statement.

Back in reality, **Séverine smirked to herself**, barely suppressing a chuckle.

"If only..."

She exhaled, pushing the fantasy aside. She refocused just in time to catch the accountant still rambling.

With a slow blink, she took another sip of her Talisker, her patience dangerously thin.

"Cut to the part where I get paid," she murmured. **"Or we'll make my version of events happen after all."**

The **numbers for her were fat**. Juicy. The kind that made lesser people nervous and stronger

ones greedy. Structured, protected, funneled through a labyrinth so tight even governments would get lost trying to follow the money.

And then—the **audacity**.

The accountant, still recovering from his earlier humiliation, cleared his throat and took a calculated risk.

“If this goes smoothly, I could offer my services... on a more permanent basis.”

Séverine arched a brow, swirling her Talisker.

“As?”

He hesitated. **Then, with the kind of reckless bravery found in men who had already lost control, he grinned.**

“Your personal laundering accountant. Offshore. Exclusive.”

She took a slow sip, studying him. **Not bad.**

Smart little rat. A man with no spine but enough survival instinct to latch onto something bigger than himself.

Always **cutting personal gain into the deal.**

Atta boy.

She didn't answer right away. Instead, she let the moment linger, her silence turning into pressure, into doubt. **Let him sweat a little more.**

Then, finally, she exhaled, set down her glass, and smirked.

"We'll see."

Which, in her world, meant *he just got a foot in the door.*

Lucky bastard.

As their steaks disappeared—**hers bloody, his overcooked because of course it was**—the **bottle of Talisker** followed suit, its contents steadily diminishing with each lazy pour into her glass.

Now, she felt **better**. Warmer. The sharp edges of her initial disdain **smoothed just enough**.

She still didn't respect him. But she **didn't dislike him as much anymore**.

That was as good as a man like him was going to get.

Without ceremony, **she stood up**.

The accountant blinked, still chewing, still processing numbers, still under the foolish impression that the night was about negotiations.

Then came her voice. **Cool. Inevitable.**

“Get up.”

He hesitated, confused.

She leaned in just slightly, **close enough** that he
could smell the whisky, the smoke, the
dominance woven into her very being.

“I’ll fuck you now.”

He swallowed. His pupils blew wide.

A flicker of panic—**was this a test? A trick? A**
trap?

No.

It was **an order.**

He obeyed.

In his hotel room, the air was thick with the **lingering scent of steak, whisky, and submission.**

The accountant, emboldened by alcohol and sheer dumb luck, leaned in—a **pathetic attempt at a kiss.**

Séverine **laughed.** Not a soft chuckle, but a sharp, cutting thing that sliced straight through his ego.

“Lower your bottoms.”

He froze, then fumbled with his belt, the realization dawning that this wasn’t romance, wasn’t seduction—**this was function.**

Before he could process it, **she threw him onto the bed,** his body bouncing once, his breath hitching as he landed, already hard.

Séverine, still fully dressed, **kicked off her shoes, stepped onto the mattress, and without ceremony, fit him inside her like a glove.**

Eyes locked.

No teasing. No theatrics. **Just movement. Up. Down.** Pumping him like a machine built for efficiency. **Nothing for her. Everything for him.**

It took **nothing.**

He gasped. His hips bucked. A **moan spilled from his lips, pathetic and desperate.** His body betrayed him completely, shaking, shuddering, unraveling beneath her.

As he **shook apart, utterly ruined,** she **smiled down at him, slow and lazy, the way a lioness watches a gazelle take its final breath.**

“Yeah?” Her voice was amused. Detached.

“Feels so good, eh?”

Before he could even recover, she **got off him**.

No lingering. No warmth.

Just **done**.

As **she slipped her shoes back on**, adjusting them with the same carelessness as someone tying their hair before heading out into the rain, the accountant lay there—**spent, useless, staring at the ceiling like he'd just glimpsed the divine**.

Séverine barely glanced at him. **Why would she?**

She smoothed her dress, took one last look in the mirror, **utterly unchanged**, and then, before walking out the door, threw over her shoulder:

"Talisker, remember. By the bottle."

A beat. A smirk. Then, without turning around—

"**And by me**"—yes, she said *by* herself, because why would she bother invoking a lesser god?—
"**learn to order a steak rare.**"

The door clicked shut behind her.

And just like that, she was **gone**.

The **driver**—trained, silent, obedient—**opened the door** of her executive Audi. No questions. No hesitation. Just pure, unquestioning service.

Séverine **slid into the backseat**, the smooth leather molding to her like it had been designed for her alone.

"Drive me around."

That was all she said. **Destination didn't matter. Only motion.**

As the car pulled into the night, she **raised the privacy screen**, shutting the world out. Then, with a flick of her fingers, **the moonroof slid open**, letting the cool air wash over her skin.

She exhaled, **flicked the speakerphone on.**

The line rang once. **Then a voice—low, feminine, familiar.**

“Séverine.”

She smirked. **"Get your Womanizer."**

A beat. A soft intake of breath. Then—**"Yes,
ma'am."**

And just like that, the night turned into a
symphony of distance and intimacy.

"Masturbate with me."

The sound of rustling sheets, the faintest hum
of a powerful motor kicking to life.

Séverine leaned her head back against the seat,
legs slightly parted, a slow, satisfied exhale as
her own fingers traced absentminded patterns
against silk.

"You feel it?"

A moan. Soft. Breathless.

"Yes."

Séverine smiled, eyes half-lidded, the city lights flashing across her skin in silent rhythm.

"Moan for me."

And she did.

The car drifted through the city, a vessel of power and pleasure, carrying a woman who took exactly what she wanted, when she wanted it.

The moans built, **a duet of control and surrender.**

Séverine let herself sink into it, **her breath catching, her body tensing, the precise, ruthless build of release.**

"I'm close."

A gasp from the other end. **"Me too."**

Séverine's nails dug into the seat, her smirk turning feral, triumphant.

"Come with me."

And they did.

The silence that followed wasn't awkward. **It was full.** Heavy. Thick with satisfaction, with warmth, with something **almost too dangerous to name.**

Then, the voice on the other end, still breathless, still raw:

"I love you."

No hesitation. No coyness. Just **fact.**

Séverine's eyes flicked to the city lights flashing through the moonroof, her pulse still thrumming in her ears. **She could have ignored it. Could have laughed it off. Could have pretended it was just the afterglow talking.**

But she didn't.

Instead, she **closed her eyes, let the moment settle, and answered simply:**

"Me too."

And they were **both sincere.**

The night air was **cool against her skin**, the city rolling by in flashes of neon and shadow. The hum of the car was steady, grounding. The voice on the other end of the line had gone silent, but the words still lingered.

She meant it. That was rare. That was dangerous.

But Séverine Moreau was **many things**—ruthless, merciless, untouchable. **A liar?** Not to *her*.

She took a breath, steadying. **Then, with a flick of her fingers, she lowered the privacy screen.**

The driver glanced at her in the rearview,
waiting.

“Home.”

No questions. No delays.

The car **shifted gears, turned smoothly onto
the right path.**

Séverine leaned back against the leather, eyes
half-lidded. The taste of Talisker, power, and
something **she refused to name** still lingered on
her lips.

Tonight had been productive.

Tomorrow? **War.**

The **car glided to a stop**, pulling up **right in front of her house door**. The moment it settled, the **door popped open**—not by automation, but by **his hand**.

Séverine **stepped out, unhurried, unbothered, commanding even in silence**.

He bowed his head slightly—not out of duty, not out of obligation, but because **that was what one did in the presence of something greater**.

She didn't go inside.

Instead, she strode toward the **car hood, still warm from the drive**. She let the heat seep through her dress as she **laid over it**, her body molding against the metal.

Then, slowly, deliberately, she **raised her dress**.

“Fuck me in the ass.” Her voice was **calm,**
absolute, inevitable.

She glanced back at him, smirking, **because she**
already knew the answer.

“You deserve it.”

And he did.

He moved without hesitation, **hands rough,**
body eager, mind already lost in her.

As he **thrust into her,** she gasped—not in
surprise, not in pain, but in **power.**

She **squeezed him, encouraged him, praised**
him.

"Come on, don't hold it."

His breathing grew ragged, **his control**
slipping, his body hers to command.

She felt the moment he was close, the tension, the deep, guttural grunts that men couldn't fake. So she pushed back against him.

Harder. Faster. Taking everything. Giving him no choice but to surrender.

“Yes, yes, let it go. Feel the pleasure. For me. Have pleasure inside me.”

He came. Hard.

She rode it, owned it, took every last pulse of his release.

And as he shook, ruined, emptied inside her, she smiled, murmuring against the cooling night air—

“Yes, yes, like that, my animal, yes.”

Then, with the same deliberate grace, she slipped him out of her.

Turned around.

Passed a **hand over his sweat-slicked face,**
tracing his exhaustion, his satisfaction, his
absolute devotion.

Then, without warning, she **kissed him. Deep.**
Slow. Possessive.

"I love you."

His breath hitched. His hands, still trembling,
still drunk on her, found her waist, steadying
himself against the sheer force of her existence.

And then, **softly, reverently:**

"I love you too, ma'am."

And they were **both sincere.**

In her **bathroom**, the air was thick with the scent of sex, sweat, and whisky. **Power had a smell, and it was all over her skin.**

She didn't rush. **Séverine Moreau never rushed.**

With a practiced, fluid motion, she **slipped out of her dress**, letting it pool at her feet like discarded silk.

Stockings. **Gone.**

Lingerie—**what little she had bothered with tonight—peeled off like an afterthought.**

Completely bare, she flicked the **speaker on with a single press of her finger.**

The line connected immediately. **Mrs. Bleeding.**

Efficient. Unflappable. **Evil, like her.**

“Yes.” No questions. Just readiness.

Séverine turned on the shower, felt the first **scalding burst** of water kiss her skin, and exhaled.

“I’ll shower.”

A pause.

Then, as the steam rose around her, as the heat melted the night’s residue from her body, she gave the real command.

“I want Tokyo in 30.”

Mrs. Bleeding didn’t react. **She never reacted.**

“Understood.”

The line clicked off.

Séverine **stepped under the water**, letting it run through her hair, over her shoulders, down her back.

In **30 minutes**, she'd be ready.

Tokyo wouldn't know what hit it.

The **Tokyo court** had suggested a **Zoom session**—a convenience, a formality, a way to keep things efficient.

Séverine Moreau didn't do **convenience**. She did **power**.

Her **client**—a filthy, repugnant child **pornographer**—was **guilty as sin**. But that wasn't her concern. **His money was clean enough**.

So, instead of logging in from her office, she had **him fly her in and out of Tokyo**.

Private jet. Chauffeur. Red-carpet treatment.

For a **hearing**.

She **stepped into the courtroom like she owned it**—because, in that moment, she did.

The judge, old and traditional, barely masked his disapproval. **Good. Let him choke on it.**

Her client sat beside her, sweating like the degenerate he was. **He would be free in minutes, but he didn't know that yet.**

The prosecution was talking. Making points. Citing laws. **Wasting oxygen.**

Séverine didn't listen. Instead, she **slipped off a single shoe.**

Deliberately.

Not casually.

With theater.

She stretched her **perfect, dangerous foot**, let it dangle just enough, let her **toes flex and curl with slow, silent elegance.**

She didn't look at the judge. **She didn't need to.**

She just let **him look at her.**

He stumbled over his words. Adjusted his glasses. Cleared his throat.

The gavel came down **absurdly fast**.

Case dismissed.

Her client, stunned into silence, **walked out free as a bird.**

By the time the city caught its breath, **she was already in the air, sipping Talisker on her private flight home.**

Tokyo had wasted **four hours** of her time.

She still made it home **by dinner.**

Séverine Moreau wasn't just a manipulator.

She was **good**.

And when she **walked into the International Tribunal for the Law of the Sea**, she didn't arrive as **Dr. Moreau**, the legal juggernaut with a PhD that could bend constitutions.

No. **She arrived smelling faintly of marijuana.**

Not enough to be scandalous. **Just enough to leave an impression.**

An **amateur**, they'd think. Some **hustler**, some high-paid mercenary lawyer flown in for **big money, big-time clients**. Not someone who understood **nuance, precedent, the sacred doctrine of maritime law**.

And so, **as expected**, the arrogance in the room **lowered**.

They smirked. They **underestimated**.

And then she **ripped them apart.**

She spoke with **the weight of her doctorate, the gravity of someone who had eaten, breathed, and reshaped international law like it was a plaything.**

She didn't argue. She **lectured.**

By the time she finished, **the Tribunal sat there, silent, stunned, rearranging their entire understanding of the case.**

She could have sold the Panama Canal to the **highest bidder.**

Hell, she **could have convinced the world it belonged to her personally.**

Instead, she simply **sat back, let the silence stretch, and smiled.**

Because they had already lost.

These were the sessions that **law students**
attended with **notebooks open, recorders**
running, eyes wide with awe.

Not because of **her sexuality.**

Well—**of course** they drooled after her. **Look at**
her.

Séverine Moreau wasn't just beautiful—she
was devastating. A walking storm wrapped in
silk, a force of nature disguised as a lawyer.

But that wasn't why they came.

They came **to write their theses** about her.

Because **she was law.** Not just practicing it—
reshaping it.

She didn't just win cases. **She set precedents.**
She argued points that **became doctrine.**

And **oh, oh,** she gave them **scholarly material.**

Paragraphs that would be cited in future textbooks.

Rulings that would be studied for decades.

The room would be **silent as she spoke**, pens scratching furiously, laptops clicking, eyes darting from their screens to **the woman who was simultaneously teaching them and rewriting everything they thought they knew.**

And when she left the Tribunal, **when she disappeared into her chauffeured car, lighting a thick Montecristo with the same fingers that had just reshaped international law, they would sit in stunned silence, knowing they had just witnessed history.**

And *fuck*, of course they still wanted her.

But **more than that?**

They wanted to **be her.**

Vienna. The city hummed with its timeless elegance, but Séverine Moreau wasn't here for charm. She was here for **Eiswein**—the kind that cost **more than some people's rent**.

She sat on the terrace of an abusively expensive **wine bar**, early afternoon, the air crisp, her mood indulgent.

The **very young waiter**, barely more than a boy, served her with a professionalism that bordered on reverence. But what caught her attention—almost, but not quite—was his **natural grace**. A fluidity, an effortlessness, **unexpected at his age**.

She nearly looked at him. **Almost**.

But Séverine Moreau didn't give her attention lightly.

Then the boy did something unexpected. He produced a book.

William Eden's *Principles of Penal Law*.

Bold choice, she thought. The kind of foundational text that serious students of the law carried, not dilettantes.

And then, from his pocket, he pulled out a **common Bic ballpoint**.

The pen betrayed him—**his student budget laid bare**.

“Doctor,” he said, voice steady but reverent, **“would you make it unique for me?”**

For the first time that afternoon, **she looked at him. Fully.**

A flicker of something passed through her—**not warmth, but acknowledgment.**

Without a word, she reached into her bag and pulled out her **Mont Blanc pen**, a piece so exquisite it could have paid for the boy's entire semester, **maybe his entire degree.**

She opened the book, the faint scent of old paper wafting up, and **put gusto into the task.**

Séverine Moreau didn't just sign things. She crafted them.

Her hand moved deliberately, her penmanship a perfect marriage of elegance and precision.

When she handed the book back, her signature gleamed like a royal seal. The boy looked at it, then back at her, his eyes wide with awe.

For a moment, just a moment, she almost smiled.

Almost.

She didn't just hand back the book.

She **handed back the pen too.**

The **Mont Blanc.** Worth more than his tuition,
his rent, **probably his entire financial reality.**

He hesitated, staring at it, his fingers barely
daring to close around the weight of something
so absurdly above his station.

His lips parted, eyes flicking from the pen to
her, **not understanding.**

“Doctor, I—”

She cut him off, her voice **smooth as silk, cold
as steel.**

“Keep it.”

A sharp inhale. A **gasp,** barely audible. His
fingers clenched around the pen as though it
might disappear if he didn’t hold tight enough.

He stood there, stiff, unsure what to do, his entire world momentarily rewritten by a single, careless act of generosity.

And then—**her next word.**

“Sit.”

It wasn't a suggestion. **It was law.**

He swallowed hard, his body betraying his hesitation, his heart pounding at the quiet command in her voice.

“Doctor, we are not allowed...” His voice shook, not in fear, but in raw, startled reverence.

He didn't finish the sentence, because the moment the words left his mouth, **she emanated coldness.**

A chill so absolute, so effortless, that it **sucked the defiance out of him.**

The professionalism, the poise, the natural grace he had shown while serving her—gone.

What was left was a trembling law student sitting across from Dr. Séverine Moreau.

His chair scraped softly against the floor as he obeyed, his back straight, his breath uneven.

“Yes, Doctor.”

And for the first time in his life, he had no idea what was going to happen next.

“Who is your penal professor?”

He answered immediately, still riding the high of sitting across from Dr. Séverine Moreau, still gripping the Mont Blanc like it might disappear if he let go.

She hummed. Not approval. Not disapproval. Just calculation.

Then, without missing a beat—without a single shift in expression—she asked:

“And who is your penis professor?”

For a moment, he **chuckled**. A nervous, startled reaction.

This was absurd. **A joke**. A brief, unexpected moment of **vulgar camaraderie**.

But **she didn’t laugh**.

Her gaze stayed **cold**. **Measuring**. **Pinning him like an insect under glass**.

This was an exam.

Like **at the university**.

A real, sudden **academic interrogation**. And he?

He had just realized he was **a lazy student caught unprepared**.

His throat **went dry**. He **gulped**.

Then—**her voice**. Smooth. Certain. Inevitable.

“I am.”

His **entire body** betrayed him.

His skin **went green first**—pure **shock**,
confusion, disbelief. Then **white**—all the **blood**
rushing away, his brain short-circuiting. Then
red—a full-body flush, not from
embarrassment, but from the pure, primal
realization that this was happening.

And **as if she hadn’t just said that**— as if his
entire nervous system wasn’t shutting down in
real time—**she continued**.

“Have you ever met a real judge?”

He shook his head. Speechless. **Utterly mute**.

Séverine didn’t blink.

She simply **flicked her phone open.**

And his world?

Was about to change forever.

Séverine **took his hand.** Not in romance, not in kindness, but **like a child who needed to be walked to school.**

And he let her.

Because what else could he do? **Refuse?**

Impossible.

She **led him off the terrace,** her steps slow, deliberate. **He followed, stunned, clutching his signed copy of *Principles of Penal Law* and the Mont Blanc like sacred relics.**

At the entrance, she pulled a **credit card** from her clutch, flicked it between two fingers, and **handed it off to the maître d'.**

Not as payment. **As ownership.**

She had just **bought the boy.**

He heard nothing of the exchange, **because there was no negotiation.** The maître d' simply bowed, pocketed the card, and made sure everything was **handled.**

And then—a car, black, executive, waiting.

And **some half-hour later,** Séverine Moreau was **walking the boy straight into the offices of the Supreme Court of Justice of Austria.**

He felt **like he was floating.** His mind hadn't caught up, his body was **still operating on instinct.**

One moment, he was **serving wine.**

The next, he was **being led into the highest halls of power in his country.**

And Séverine?

She was **still holding his hand.**

"What is your name?"

His throat was dry, his brain still catching up to the fact that he was now inside the **Supreme Court of Justice of Austria** like it was a café on the corner.

"Thomas."

She didn't blink.

"Thomas what?"

"Kodek."

"Thomas Kodek," she repeated, as if stamping it into existence. Then, without missing a beat—

"What semester are you in?"

He hesitated. **She caught it instantly.**

"Well, doctor, actually, I am a bit behind schedule..."

She exhaled **sharply** through her nose. **Not a sigh. A quiet condemnation.**

"What is your average grade?"

He said so. **Low.** Lower than he wanted to admit.

She **stopped walking.** Turned to face him.

Then, **flatly, with all the weight of divine disappointment:**

"Oh, for the love of *me*."

Séverine **walked into an office.** Not just any office—**an important one. Very.**

The kind of office that smelled like **leather-bound law books, old-world power, and decisions that shaped nations.**

She didn't knock. **Séverine Moreau never knocked.**

She pushed the heavy wooden door open,
striding in like she owned the building—
because in a way, she did.

And Thomas?

She dragged him in with her, his feet barely
keeping up, his mind still reeling from the
warp-speed nightmare-turned-fantasy his life
had become in the last hour.

Behind the massive desk sat a big, heavy man.

Not just physically heavy, but politically.

Legally. Historically.

A man whose signature on a document could
shift economies.

As soon as he saw her, he stood up. Not out of
politeness—out of necessity.

"My dear."

That was all he said, because **Séverine Moreau** didn't need introductions.

She **basically** threw Thomas in front of her, as if depositing an **expensive** acquisition onto the table.

"This is my colleague and friend, Thomas. Brilliant student. Future **partner track**."

Thomas felt his stomach **flip**.

She continued before he could even **register** what was happening.

"I think you would benefit from having him as a **provisionary intern**."

The **big man** raised an eyebrow, but said nothing.

Séverine smirked, **tilting** her head just slightly, eyes gleaming with mischief.

"You might get one or two of our secrets from him, if you bribe him well."

The **big man** laughed. A deep, real laugh.

Thomas?

He was still **trying to remember how to breathe.**

The **big man**—the kind whose handshake alone could alter a legal precedent—**walked over to Thomas.**

And **patted him on the back.**

Or rather, **clapped him with a hand the size of a judicial gavel.**

Thomas almost flew against the wall.

Still in his **wine bar waiter's apron**, he looked **barely second semester at most.** Unclear if he

had ever **shaved yet** or if he was still waiting for that part of adulthood to kick in.

The **big man** grabbed his hand—**squeezed it**.

Or rather, **crushed it**.

Bones cracking. Joints protesting. Thomas bit back a **yelp of agony**.

And then, with a **dead serious** tone, the big man said:

"Thank you for your patience, Thomas. We could use some help."

Thomas gulped.

Séverine?

She just **smirked**.

Just like that, the **judge gestured toward a chair**.

For **Thomas**.

And **Thomas** sat.

Not because he understood what was
happening. **Not because he believed it.**

But because when a **Supreme Court judge** and
Séverine Moreau tell you that you belong, you
don't question it.

You **obey**.

And then—without preamble, without
hesitation—the **judge started consulting him.**

Not **testing** him.

Not **examining** him.

Working with him.

Because he was **brilliant**.

Because he was **partner-track**.

Because **Dr. Séverine Moreau** had declared it
so, and that was **enough**.

Thomas, still wearing his **wine-bar apron**, still **clutching the Mont Blanc like a lifeline**, still **trying to comprehend reality**, was now **giving legal advice**.

To a **Supreme Court judge**.

And the judge?

Was **listening**.

Séverine **walked out**, the heavy doors closing behind her with a satisfying weight.

Inside, Thomas was already **knee-deep in legal consultation with a Supreme Court judge**, still in his **wine-bar apron**, still **gripping a Mont Blanc worth more than his entire education**.

She didn't look back.

She was **laughing inside**.

Oh, **she was laughing**.

Because the world was so easy to bend when
you had the right hands on the levers.

By the time she slid into her car, she let herself
laugh for real. A low, rich, self-satisfied sound.

Then—business.

She flicked the car phone on.

Mrs. Bleeding. Instant. As always.

"Yes."

Séverine lit a Montecristo, exhaled, and spoke.

"Tell Cairo I don't care."

A beat.

Then, her voice dropping just slightly, her tone
turning final, absolute.

"And I want an asset flown over in a week.
From Vienna."

Another pause. **Then the punchline.**

"Livestock."

A quiet inhale from Mrs. Bleeding. The kind
that meant **understood.**

Séverine smirked.

"It'll need to be stored."

The line clicked. **Mrs. Bleeding was already
making the arrangements.**

Séverine took another slow drag from her cigar,
watching Vienna's streets blur past the tinted
windows.

The boy would be **fine.**

Cairo? **Well.**

That was another story.

Thomas stumbled into his **cramped apartment** on the outskirts of Vienna, exhaustion finally catching up to him.

Fifteen people **lived here**. Five of them **shared this very room**.

Law school was already **financially impossible**. This existence? **Barely survivable**.

He collapsed onto his **small, undone bed**.

And then—he saw it.

An **envelope**.

He picked it up, **heart pounding**.

Inside: **a single sheet of paper**.

He unfolded it. **Two sentences**.

"This is how you make a man."

He flipped it over.

On the back:

"Because I like you, I'll also show you how to destroy one."

Thomas **looked around**. His roommates weren't here.

His pulse hammered.

How? **How had this gotten here?**

Then—**his phone beeped**.

A **text message**.

An **SMS**. As if **they still existed in 2025**.

He swallowed hard, unlocked his screen.

The message:

"Who's your penis professor?"

His breath caught.

How did...? How this...?

Then—he **surrendered**.

He exhaled, fingers trembling over the keyboard, and typed:

"You are, doctor."

A moment later, the reply.

"And never forget it."

And something in him knew—he **never would**.

In Madrid, Séverine Moreau had the Euros guy reached in prison.

Not directly. **Never directly.**

It came through **an assistant of an assistant of an assistant.**

A man so meaningless, so irrelevant, that even a dying man wouldn't waste his last breath begging him for mercy.

And that was **precisely the point.**

The prisoner, **once a billionaire**, now just **another inmate**, sat across from the low-level nobody sent to deliver **the final message.**

No bargaining. **No options.** Just **certainty.**

The **words landed like a guillotine blade:**

"You'll get killed. No questions about it."

The prisoner's breath hitched.

But the **assistant of an assistant of an assistant**
wasn't done.

"It can be excruciatingly painful, mildly painful,
somehow painful, or painless at all."

A pause.

Then, the cold, detached closing sentence:

"Your choice."

The prisoner exhaled **slowly**.

Because this? **This wasn't a threat.**

This was **procedure**.

The **terrace overlooked Madrid's rooftops**, a sprawling sea of terracotta under the dimming sky.

Séverine **sat alone**, draped in power, **blowing thick Montecristo smoke into her Lepanto brandy glass**—letting it swirl, infuse, then **sniffing it back in** like a perfumed ghost of indulgence.

Then, **Bleeding called**.

No greeting. No small talk. Just **execution**.

"He'll take painless."

Biggest **Ca-Ching** so far.

Séverine **gave no reaction**.

Expected. Calculated. Done.

She exhaled through her nose, watching the **Madrid skyline** shift in the haze.

Then, lazily, almost as an afterthought:

"I'm flying Georgetown next."

Click. **Line dead.**

She flicked her fingers. **"Camarero."**

The waiter—young, eager, overqualified for this kind of servitude—approached with practiced composure.

"The bottle."

He moved swiftly, precise, setting it down **without hesitation.**

And then—**she moved.**

With deliberate, unbroken poise, she **spread her legs.**

Lifted the **Montecristo.**

And **slid it between them.**

Left it there.

A single, obscene **cigar between silk and skin.**

Then—**puffed.**

A long, slow drag, the embers glowing **right where no embers should ever be.**

And as the **smoke curled up from between her thighs,** she lifted her gaze and **locked eyes with the waiter.**

A silent, searing moment.

As if saying, "**Yes. You are really seeing this.**"

He didn't blink.

She smirked.

Then, without breaking eye contact, she **took another slow, perfect puff.**

Georgetown.

The **airport was irrelevant.** The moment she landed, Séverine Moreau didn't **breathe open air.**

She **stepped directly from the plane into an air-conditioned garage.**

No crowds. No heat. **No one to look at her unless they were paid to.**

She got into the car. **With the girl.**

No words. No introductions. **She was cargo, not company.**

The car **rolled out,** gliding seamlessly through **Georgetown's underbelly,** bypassing the chaos, the tourists, the **sweaty reality of the Caribbean.**

Straight into **another air-conditioned garage.**

This one? The **bank**.

Because **one does not get into Georgetown heat**.

Doors **opened for her**.

She **stepped out first**.

The girl **followed**.

No rush. **Just control**.

And then, without hesitation, Séverine **walked into the office of her new laundering personal accountant**.

Yes. **That one**.

The **same one who had once sat across from her at a steakhouse, sweating, trembling, barely surviving the night**.

Now? **He worked for her**.

And he knew it.

Séverine looked at the papers spread across the table. Numbers fat. Loopholes airtight. Accounts layered so deep even God couldn't audit them.

She smiled.

"Oh, you'll fuck all right tonight."

And with a flick of her Mont Blanc, she signed.

The accountant exhaled, trying to mask his relief. Maybe, emboldened by the moment, by the deal, by her presence, he let his hand drift—just slightly—toward hers.

She felt it.

And laughed him off.

Not cruelly. Not amused. Just dismissive.

"Don't be ridiculous."

Then, without even looking, she raised a single, lazy thumb over her shoulder.

Pointing at where she came from.

The girl.

Young. Too young. Could have been her daughter.

The accountant's mouth watered.

Séverine saw it before he even knew it himself.

"Yes, I guessed so."

Her voice held something close to appreciation.

Almost.

"I like a man who knows his own tastes."

A pause. A flicker of something deeper. Recognition.

Then, as if sealing a long-forgotten joke:

"I have my steak rare now."

Séverine smirked.

Took a slow puff from her Montecristo.

And, with rare sincerity, nodded.

"Well, good for you."

And she meant it.

The **above-luxury hotel** was as climate-controlled as human engineering allowed.

Marble floors cold underfoot, air conditioning booming at arctic levels.

And yet, **somehow**, Séverine Moreau **could still sweat in Georgetown.**

The humidity **sank into the bones, defying even her will.**

She always took **hot showers**. Almost **scalding**.
A habit. A ritual.

But this time, **she turned the dial down.**

Not cold—never cold. Just... **mildly tepid.**

Which, **for her, was basically freezing.**

She let the **water run over her, washing away the day, the ink, the sweat, the weight of decisions that shifted billions.**

Then, wrapped in a robe, skin still damp, she
called.

From the hotel phone. Speaker on.

The line rang once. Then—that voice.

"Love."

She smiled.

"Love."

A pause. Not rushed. Not urgent. Just them.

"How was your day?"

And so, they told each other.

Calmly.

Like the rest of the world didn't matter.

Because, for a little while, it didn't.

She didn't know if she **couldn't sleep** or
wouldn't sleep.

It was one of those nights. **Georgetown**
pressing against her skin, the weight of billions,
of choices, of control never slipping—just
shifting.

So she went to the **panoramic bar.**

In her robe, of course.

Barefoot, of course.

Thirsty.

The bartender saw her coming. **Didn't blink.**
Didn't question.

A **mojito appeared in front of her** before she
even sat down.

She **drained it like lemonade.**

As she set the empty glass down, **another was already waiting.**

That's when she looked up.

And saw **him.**

As gay as an old queer can say, "You bitch,"
holding a miniature poodle.

She smirked. He smiled.

And then, **the words that hit her like a gunshot:**

"Hierbabuena, not peppermint."

Her breath **hitched.**

That was what she was wondering.

She stared at him, but he had **already moved on.**

Took a **wooden skewer** from the garnish tray.

Raised it high.

And then—**harpooned her hand with it.**

Just **stabbed right through her palm**, no warning, no hesitation.

Séverine's **eyes widened.**

Not in pain.

In shock.

Then, slowly—deliberately—she looked up at him, blood pooling under the skewer, mojito untouched.

And **smiled.**

"Now that's interesting."

Séverine **raised her hand**, inspecting the **wooden skewer impaled in her palm.**

At first, she tried to **pull it out.**

Excruciating pain.

The moment she tugged, splinters buried into her flesh like barbs, anchoring deep.

Worse—the tip hadn't gone through.

There were only two options now:

1. Yank it out and tear herself apart.
2. Push it further through and break the skin on the other side.

Neither was elegant. Neither was clean.

Across the bar, the bartender leaned back, arms crossed, smiling.

Waiting. Watching.

Séverine exhaled slowly, studying him instead of the pain.

She could see it in his eyes.

This wasn't random.

This was a **message**.

She let the moment stretch, ignoring the burning in her hand, ignoring the **fact that her own blood was now dripping into her unfinished mojito**.

Then—very calmly, very deliberately—she **smirked**.

“You could have just written me a note.”

The bartender **smiled**.

“Take it. It’s just pain.”

His voice was **soft. Amused. Unbothered**.

But Séverine? **She was not**.

She tried **pulling it out. Agony**. The splinters dug deeper, **shredding her flesh from the inside**.

She tried **pushing it through**. Worse. The unpierced skin resisted, **taunting her with the threshold she couldn't cross**.

And then—it **hit her**.

She **couldn't stand pain**.

Not moral pain. **Not guilt**.

Not public pain. **Not humiliation**.

Not social pain. **Not disgrace**.

Not aesthetic pain. **Not imperfection**.

Not physical pain. **Not this**.

And there, **right there**, in that moment—

She panicked.

Her breath **hitched**.

Her chest **tightened**.

This was **not power**. This was **not elegance**.

This was **not control**.

This was **raw, helpless, pathetic** suffering.

And **she was trapped** in it.

The **bartender** leaned in.

Close enough that she could smell the **faint**
trace of citrus and tobacco on his breath.

His **voice**—low, steady, knowing.

"It can be **excruciatingly painful, mildly painful,**
somehow painful, or painless at all."

A beat.

"**Your choice.**"

And that was when it **truly happened.**

Not just **panic.**

(**Panic**)².

Because **Séverine Moreau** had never been like
this.

Never **out of control**.

Never **helpless**.

Never **reduced to something as human as fear**.

But **this**—this was unbearable.

Her **mind spiraled**.

She **panicked about panicking**.

And the worst part?

It showed.

The bartender **didn't smirk**. He didn't gloat.

He just **watched**.

Because he knew.

Because **Séverine Moreau didn't want pain**.

She wanted **pleasure**. Always.

Power was pleasure.

Victory was pleasure.

Control was pleasure.

Indulgence was pleasure.

Pain?

Not pain.

Not this.

Not this wooden skewer tearing at her flesh,
forcing a decision that only led to suffering.

She wanted **no pain**.

None.

Not a **choice** between pain up or pain down.

Not a **scale** of suffering.

Not **mild**, not **excruciating**, not **bearable**, not
anything.

She wanted **no pain**.

None.

And the realization of how badly she wanted it,
how deeply she rejected even the idea of
suffering,

made the panic explode.

Panic.

Panic.

Panic.

The bartender leaned in again.

Close. Too close.

His breath warm, steady. Hers? Shallow.

Frantic.

His voice was low, calm, merciless.

"Tell me how much painful you want it to be."

A beat. A pause. A moment stretching too long,
suffocating.

"Tell me."

Séverine's pulse **hammered**.

She **couldn't**.

She **wouldn't**.

Because **to say it**—to acknowledge it—**was to submit**.

To **admit the pain** was real.

That it existed.

That **she couldn't just will it away**.

And she had **never been this powerless**.

Never.

Her mouth **opened**—**nothing came out**.

The silence **stretched**.

And the bartender?

He **waited**.

The bartender **didn't smirk.**

He didn't gloat.

He just leaned in, his **voice like a blade slipping between her ribs.**

"It's not about power anymore, little girl."

A whisper. A truth.

"I have it. **Plain and simple.**"

Séverine **shivered.**

Not from the air conditioning. **From the words.**

Because they were **true.**

For the first time in her life, **power had left her.**

Drifted. Dissolved. **Gone.**

And all that was left was **pain.**

Her pain.

And the **choice she couldn't make.**

The bartender watched, unblinking, as her chest **rose and fell too fast, too shallow.**

Then, his voice **steady, inevitable, crushing:**

"It's about physical pain. Yours."

He tapped the **wooden skewer, still buried in her palm.**

"How much do you want?"

Séverine's **lungs locked.**

Her **vision blurred.**

Her **mind screamed for control, for escape, for some clever answer—**

And found **nothing.**

Just **pain.**

And the **cold, shattering truth** that she would have to **choose.**

None.

She wanted **none**.

No pain. **Not a little. Not a choice. Not control over suffering.**

None.

And the **moment** she realized she couldn't have that—

The moment she realized **the world didn't work like that—**

That she was **trapped. In her own body. In this moment. In the inevitability of pain.**

She **broke**.

Right there, in the **above-luxury** hotel bar in Georgetown, barefoot, in a robe, with a wooden skewer buried in her hand.

Séverine Moreau had an open panic attack.

It hit her like a train.

The air was gone.

The walls were closer.

Her chest collapsed inward.

Her vision blurred, then tunneled.

Her hands—shaking, betraying her, useless.

Her body was not responding to commands.

Her thoughts were not hers anymore.

And the bartender just watched.

Because he had already won.

She cried.

Not elegantly. Not controlled.

Not the silent, dignified tears of a woman used
to bending the world to her will.

She cried like a child.

Whimpered.

Begged.

Her breath hitched, her body **shaking,**
convulsing, unraveling.

She had never **begged before.**

But now?

Now she begged.

"Painless, painless—please, painless."

The words **weren't** calculated.

They weren't **a move, a trick, a performance.**

They were **raw.**

And she **hated herself** for it.

Because **this was not** pleasure.

This was **not** power.

This was **not** Séverine Moreau.

But it was **happening** anyway.

And the **bartender**?

He just **watched**.

The **bartender** tilted his head, watching her come apart.

Then, in that same **calm, steady voice**—the voice of a **god deciding fate**—he said:

“All right, little girl. Painless will be.”

And just like that—**Nuremberg Syndrome**.

She became **grateful** to her **own torturer**.

Her breath **hitched with relief**, mind regressing into something **small, vulnerable, desperate for safety**.

He took her hand.

And she let him.

She, **Dr. Séverine Moreau**, who had **never let anyone control her body**, now sat there **like a**

lost child, letting the man who had just broken
her do whatever he wanted.

Her thoughts?

Make pain go away.

Like a child who had scraped her knee, looking
to an adult to fix it.

He gently caressed her hand.

And for a fraction of a second, she thought—
maybe—he was actually going to help.

Then—he pushed the skewer through.

All the way. Through flesh, through resistance,
piercing out the other side.

Pushed it out it out.

She screamed.

Inside her head. Outside. Everywhere.

Not just from pain—from betrayal.

She had trusted. For one, tiny, pitiful second,
she had trusted.

And it was all a lie.

Her voice tore through the bar, raw, guttural,
uncontrolled.

“NO!”

A refusal. A rejection. A protest against reality
itself.

NO PAIN, she had asked.

And now she had it.

She didn’t pass out. Worse.

She slumped onto the floor.

Her body convulsing, shaking uncontrollably.

Full-body shock.

Awake. Aware. **Living every second of it.**

And the **bartender?**

He just **watched.**

Five seconds? Five minutes? Five hours?

She **couldn't tell.**

Time had **collapsed.**

She lay there, **curled on the cold floor,**
trembling, shaking, breathing but not living.

The pain was **everything.**

And then—**drops.**

Cold. Wet. **On both sides of the wound.**

She flinched, body **jerking instinctively.**

And just like that—

One.

Two.

Three breaths.

Numbness.

Not relief. **Not healing.** Just... **absence.**

No more **pain.**

Just **numb.**

There is no pain, you are receding

A distant ship's smoke on the horizon

You are only coming through in waves

Her breath **evened.**

Her eyes, **still wide, still glassy, still broken,**

flickered upward.

And standing there, watching, waiting, **was the**

accountant.

The accountant.

Her accountant.

He had walked in, seen her like this, and not even blinked.

And then—he locked eyes with her.

A slow, knowing, almost-smirk curling at his lips.

And in perfect, inevitable, mocking symmetry—

He echoed her own words back to her.

"Yeah? Feels so good, eh?"

Her head fell back.

The cold floor against her spine, the air thick with sweat, blood, and the remnants of her own unraveling.

And she hated herself.

Hated herself.

For **falling**.

For **breaking**.

For **begging**.

For **letting them see her like this**.

For **not being untouchable**.

She **had power**. She **was power**.

And yet—

Here she was.

Laid out. Defeated. **A ruined thing on the floor**.

She wanted to **stand up**.

She wanted to **laugh it off**.

She wanted to **snap her fingers and erase this moment from existence**.

But her body **wouldn't listen**.

Because it remembered. It **remembered everything**.

And so—she **just lay there.**

Hating herself.

The **accountant stood over her.**

Calm. **Unmoved.** Watching her **hate herself** and not lifting a single finger to help.

Then—his voice.

"I will still manage your money. In a criminally honest way, believe it or not.

A pause.

"Exclusive service, as agreed."

Business. Settled. Done. Like none of this had happened.

Then—he yanked the young girl forward.

Pulled her by the wrist.

And with **zero ceremony**, he **shoved** her toward Séverine.

Like **throwing back** an object.

Like **returning something broken**.

"But take your ridiculous child."

The girl stumbled, nearly collapsing onto her.
Wide-eyed. Silent. Terrified.

Séverine's muscles **tensed on instinct**.

And then—the **final humiliation**.

The accountant looked down at her one last time, smirked, and said:

"And I still like my steak well done."

Then—he **walked away**.

And **left her there**.

The bartender—queen of queers, patron saint
of brutal lessons—walked away.

But not before tossing one last dagger.

"Love your outfit."

A beat.

"Minimalistic. Classy. So you."

Séverine blinked.

For the first time, she truly perceived herself.

Robe undone.

Legs bare. Pubes bare. Chest bare.

Not in power. Not in control.

But exposed. Ruined.

Covered in blood. Tears. Snot.

Her snot.

Not elegant. Not untouchable.

Just **wrecked**.

The bartender **gave a last smirk over his shoulder**.

And then, with a flick of the wrist, **disappeared into the night**.

Leaving **Séverine Moreau**, the woman who **ruled over law, money, and men—**

lying on the floor, knowing she had never been lower.

The **little girl** spoke.

Soft. **Hesitant**.

"**I help owner?**"

Séverine **stared**.

Something **shifted**. Deep. Heavy.

Not just in **her mind**. In her bones.

Because for the **first time**, truly, fully—

She realized she was **a being's owner**.

No.

Beings.

Plural.

Not **just this girl**.

Many.

She had **bought. Owned. Commanded. Moved**
people like assets, like investments, like things.

And now—**one of those things** was looking at
her, waiting, ready to serve.

And the worst part?

She felt nothing.

No shame. No disgust.

Just **acceptance.**

Because it was **true**.

She **owned**.

Many.

And so, without hesitation, without even a
flicker of internal resistance—

She said:

"Yes, you help owner."

She didn't call Bleeding for many days.

Not because she couldn't. Because she didn't dare.

Bleeding would have felt it.

The glitch in the evil.

The imperfection in the fabric of sin.

Séverine Moreau had never questioned what she was.

Until that moment.

Until "I help owner?"

Until the realization that she was no longer just power—she was ownership.

And something inside her had shifted.

She didn't know what.

Didn't know if it was weakness, or simply a
new level of cruelty.

But she knew one thing.

Bleeding would hear it in her voice.

Would catch it in the spaces between her
words.

And Séverine Moreau?

She did not tolerate imperfections.

Not in others.

And certainly not in herself.

She **knew** she had the **evil back** when she took **Bleeding's** call.

Not hesitating. **Not thinking.** Just **answering.**

And Bleeding? **Straight to business.**

"Asset landed. In storage. Tucked in. By your **office.**"

A beat.

"Labeled as 'Partner Track.'

A pause. A knowing smirk **lurking** behind the **silence.**

"Personal com not associated, still under my **com.**"

Clean. Untraceable. **Handled.**

Séverine let it settle. Let herself **absorb** the **words, the weight, the power—**

And **felt nothing.**

Not guilt. **Not doubt.**

Just **certainty.**

She was back.

So she flicked the ash from her Montecristo,
exhaled a slow stream of smoke, and said—

"Fly me home."

Click. **Line dead.**

And just like that, **the glitch was gone.**

She **landed** to a message waiting.

A **picture**.

She opened it without urgency, **expecting nothing, fearing nothing**.

And there it was.

The woman she had sent.

Once **steaming hot** in her 20s.

Still **jaw-dropping** in her 40s.

And now?

In her 80s.

Topless.

Next to **her accountant**.

Who had a **64-tooth smile** and a **thumb up**, like he had just won a lifetime achievement award.

Séverine exhaled **through her nose**.

No shock. No disgust.

Just mild recognition that the world was exactly
as chaotic as it should be.

She glanced at her hand, still sore, still marked,
still remembering.

Massaged it absentmindedly.

Then locked her phone.

And moved forward.

Séverine **walked** into Thomas's office.

No lights.

Drapes **closed**.

Walls **bare**.

Nothing personal. **Nothing** lived in.

It looked **like an unclaimed body**.

And Thomas?

He **sprung up** from his **very expensive chair**.

In front of his **very expensive desk**.

Because, of course, **he hadn't arranged it**.

Because **it wasn't really his yet**.

And then—he **bowed**.

Like a **geisha**.

"Doctor Moreau."

She **paused**.

It was **the first time** he had ever said her **name**.

She **noticed**.

And that—**that was strange**.

Why had she noticed?

Her eyes drifted over **the undone office**.

A **blank space**. A **waiting room**. A **limbo**.

She exhaled **sharply**.

"**Not good, Thomas. Not good.**"

Then, without another word—**she left**.

And then—she came back in.

Thomas was still standing. Still stiff. Still in limbo.

She tilted her head, studying him.

Then, in that smooth, lazy, inevitable way she had, she asked:

"Who's your penis professor again?"

This time, he was ready.

No hesitation. No stuttering.

Like an automaton, like a student who had finally learned the correct answer to a test that could cost him his life.

"You are, Doctor Moreau."

She nodded.

Good. Now he knew.

Then, as if **scheduling a meeting**, she continued—**unhurried, unquestioning, a decision already made.**

"Dinner. With me. I'll send a car. We'll have **sex.**"

A pause. A flicker of amusement. **Then, practical as ever:**

"**Meat or fish?**"

Thomas didn't blink. Didn't hesitate. **Didn't think.**

Because **thinking would mean questioning.**

And **questioning would mean consequences.**

So he answered, as if **this were normal.**

As if **this were just another line in a contract.**

"**Meat.**"

Séverine smirked.

Of course.

She turned, already walking away.

No confirmation. No need.

He would be there. Obviously.

As she reached the door, she flicked a glance over her shoulder, her voice light, but undeniable.

"Wear something expensive. You're my date. Try not to look like my waiter."

And then she was gone.

Leaving Thomas Kodek, law student, former wine-bar server, newly-minted partner track—

Standing alone in the dark.

With no idea if he had just won everything.

Or lost himself completely.

Bleeding handled everything.

Of course she did.

Thomas had complete instructions. What to wear. When to arrive. How to act.

And he followed them like scripture.

By the time Séverine walked in, he was already seated at the table.

And the entire restaurant—wealthy, polished, self-important people who thought they had seen everything—

froze.

Because Séverine Moreau was having dinner with… him?

Nerdy boy. The student. The nobody.

But Thomas? He didn't react to them.

Because Bleeding had trained him.

He **knew** not to **help** her into her chair.

That was **the waiter's** job.

But—**her** cigar was unlit.

And so, with **calm** precision, he **had** a lighter
ready.

Flame. **Controlled**. **Steady**.

She leaned in, took a **long**, **slow** pull, **embers**
glowing—

And **watched** him.

And then—he **spoke**.

With **unearned** authority, but **flawless**
execution.

“**Châteaubriand**. **Rare**. **For two**. **Talisker**.
Bottle. **On the double**.”

The **waiter** nodded.

And **Séverine** smirked.

Because **he** was learning.

She **locked eyes with him**, let the moment stretch, let him **feel the weight of her approval**.

Then, low, smooth, inevitable:

"Only for this, I'll manipulate your penis
beyond imaginable pleasure."

Thomas **didn't breathe**.

Because he **knew she never made empty promises**.

She **leaned back**, swirling the first pour of **Talisker** in her glass, watching him like a predator admiring its own creation.

Then, with **deliberate slowness**, she took a **long sip**, letting the heat of the whisky settle before she spoke.

"Because who's your penis professor?"

Thomas's grip on his own glass **tightened**.

His breath **hitched**.

But his **training held**.

No hesitation. **No second-guessing**.

His voice came out **steady**. **Absolute**.

"You are, Doctor Moreau."

Her smirk **deepened**.

She **exhaled smoke**.

Then, leaning in **just slightly**, just enough to **let him feel it**, she murmured—

"**Damn right I am**."

After the meal, Séverine **didn't lean in**.

She never leaned in.

She simply **spoke**.

Soft. But absolute.

A whisper that **didn't** beg to be heard—it
commanded it.

"You will stand up now.

Take my hand.

Then, I will stand up.

And you will lead me to the elevators.

On the way—you will squeeze my ass.

Hard.

Don't be **afraid** to hurt me.

Be sure to be **seen**."

She took another **slow sip** of **Talisker**, exhaled,
and **waited**.

Thomas didn't **question**.

Didn't **process**.

Didn't **overthink**.

Because **there was no space for thinking**.

There was **only obedience**.

And so—he **stood up**.

Took her **hand**.

And as she **rose**, as he led her across the
restaurant, past the stares, past the hushed
disbelief, past the whispers of people who had
built entire careers on controlling narratives—

His hand **slid down**.

And he **squeezed**.

Hard.

The fabric of her **dress pressed against his**
palm.

His fingers **dug in**.

And she **didn't** react.

Didn't laugh. **Didn't** smirk.

She simply **walked** with him.

Like it was **nothing**.

And that's why **everyone** saw it.

The room.

Both naked.

Not rushed. Not frantic. Just inevitable.

She cupped his face.

Not like a lover. Like a confessor.

Like she was reading him, feeling him,
knowing him before he even knew himself.

Her fingers traced his jaw, his cheekbones, the
nervous tension in his lips.

And then—the question.

Soft. Unavoidable.

"I am the first, am I not?"

No teasing. No mocking. Just truth.

For the first time all night—beyond training,
beyond scripts, beyond expectations—

Thomas let himself be **unfiltered**.

And he **nodded**.

Not ashamed. **Not embarrassed**.

Just—**yes**.

And Séverine?

She smiled.

Not **condescendingly**. Not **cruelly**.

Sincerely.

"Glad to be."

She **kept her hand on his face**, her touch **slow**,
deliberate.

Not a lover's caress—a **teacher's**.

Because that's what she was.

His penis professor.

And so, with **clinical precision**, with the **authority of a woman who had mastered law**, **power**, and now—his body, she began to **describe him**.

Literally.

Her fingers **drifted down**, tracing, explaining.

"This—your glans. Smooth, sensitive. Think of it as the head of a legal argument—direct, defining, the point everything builds toward."

She brushed lightly. He **shuddered**.

"Your frenulum—this ridge here—hyper-sensitive. A pressure point. Like the loophole in a contract no one considers until it's too late."

Her touch moved. He **twitched**.

She **continued**.

"Your shaft—vascular, reactive. The spine of the case. The structure. It holds everything together, but it's not the climax, just the foundation."

She ran her nails along the underside, **not to tease, not to seduce, but to instruct.**

His breath **hitched.**

She **watched.**

"Your testicles—pressure and weight distribution. The jurisdiction of sensation. Messy, unpredictable, but still governed by strict biological law."

She cupped them lightly, like a judge **weighing evidence.**

His whole body **tensed.**

She **smirked.**

And finally—her eyes met his again.

"Do you understand your anatomy, Thomas?"

His mouth **opened**. Closed.

He swallowed.

And then—he **nodded**.

Because this was **a lecture**.

And he was **learning**.

She **didn't** ask.

She **informed**.

Plain. **Simple**. Matter of fact.

"I **will** make you come now."

No seduction. Just certainty.

"This is because later, I'll have you fuck me."

A pause. A **flicker** of amusement in her tone.

"And if I don't do this now, you will last less than 12 seconds."

His throat bobbed.

She tilted her head, watching him absorb the inevitability.

"Now, it will be ten times as pleasant than when you do it yourself, because it's someone else doing it. Someone who knows."

Her fingers ghosted over his skin, not touching yet—just waiting.

"So lay down."

And he did.

Of course he did.

It all happened exactly as she said.

Of course it did.

Because **Séverine Moreau** didn't make
predictions.

She **stated facts** before they became reality.

And so, when he **came—**

His soul left his body.

Floated. Disintegrated. Dissolved into **pure,**
obliterating, existential pleasure.

And then—**it came back.**

And when he **looked at her—**

His eyes were **wet.**

Not from **overstimulation.**

Not from **shock.**

From emotion.

From **something** he didn't understand, but
knew was real.

And before he could **speak**, before he could
even attempt to **explain** what had just
happened to him—

She simply **whispered**.

Soft. Knowing. **Final**.

"I **know**."

A pause.

Then, **again**.

"I **know**."

Séverine **watched him**.

Watched the way he was **still recovering**, still
trying to process, still floating somewhere
between death and rebirth.

She didn't give him time. **Didn't let him linger**.

Instead, **she informed**.

"Now you'll experience refractory period."

Her tone was the same as if she were explaining tax law.

"It will take five to ten minutes before you will be able to be erect again."

She sat up, stretching, unbothered, utterly composed.

Then, a casual flick of her fingers toward the bar cart.

"Go to that table."

A pause.

"Help yourself to a drink."

Then, as if this were merely a business request:

"I want bourbon. On the rocks."

No "please." No "thank you."

Just the **expectation of obedience.**

And so—**still shaking, still dazed, still
struggling to return to reality—**

Thomas **stood.**

And he **went.**

Thomas **served her bourbon** with the same
grace and precision he had once used to serve
her **Eiswein** at the wine bar.

His hands, though still trembling faintly from
the intensity of what had just happened,
poured the drink flawlessly.

Ice clinked against the glass as he placed it
before her **without hesitation.**

She didn't **say a word.**

But she didn't need to.

Her eyes lingered on the glass, then flicked to him—a **silent, subtle acknowledgment of a job well done.**

No praise. **No unnecessary gestures.**

But **Thomas knew.**

He had been **approved.**

By the time **she finished her bourbon**, rolling the last sip across her tongue before swallowing, **he was hard again.**

Of course he was.

She set the empty glass down **without ceremony, without looking at him.**

Then, finally, she **spoke.**

"Okay."

A pause.

She stretched lazily, effortlessly, like a queen
who had all the time in the world.

Then, matter-of-fact, without indulgence,
without seduction—just another command,
just another expectation:

"You have seen porn.

You know what to do.

Take your time."

And then—she waited.

He had no clue what he was doing.

Not really.

Porn had given him images, mechanics,
expectations.

But this? This was not porn.

This was her.

And he was in uncharted territory.

But instead of hesitating, instead of
overthinking, instead of second-guessing
himself—

He gave himself fully to it.

Body and soul.

Not as a performance. Not as a checklist of
motions.

But as devotion.

As if he were serving her again, the way he had
at the wine bar—except now, the offering was
himself.

And that—

Just that—

Turned her on.

Immensely.

Because it was **pure**.

Because it was **genuine**.

Because **power wasn't in experience—power was in surrender**.

And **he had surrendered completely**.

And against **that clueless, incapable, amateurish body...**

Against **those inexperienced hands, that unpolished touch, that complete lack of technique...**

She **came**.

Hard.

Not because he was **skilled**.

Not because he was **experienced**.

But because **he gave everything**.

Because there was **no performance**, **no calculation**—just raw, undiluted worship of her **body**.

And it **hit her**.

A divine intervention of **pure pleasure**.

Not the kind she **commanded**.

Not the kind she **expected**.

The kind that just happened.

And for the **first time**, truly, in a way that shook her down to something she never **acknowledged**—

She craved being **held**.

Not **possessed**. Not **controlled**.

Just **held**.

And **he did**.

His arms, clueless, incapable, amateurish—

But strong. Certain. Steady.

She felt like in a cradle.

And when she looked up, breath still heavy,
body still thrumming—he was beaming.

With pride.

Because he had made her feel this.

And she let herself sink into it.

And then—she was teaching again.

But not like before.

Not with power, not with dominance, not with
the cold precision of a woman who dictated
reality.

Lovingly.

Like an elementary school teacher explaining
the area of a triangle.

Soft. Patient. Undeniably instructive.

She guided him.

"When it's your turn," she said, her voice
smooth, "and you wish to cum but don't want
to worry about getting her pregnant, you do
this."

And she moved his cock to the door of her ass.

He froze.

Not in fear.

In realization.

Because she was showing him something
forbidden, something never taught, something
sacred in its own right.

He smiled.

And then—he pushed.

To him, a new universe of sensations.

Not just new—impossible.

He had known pleasure.

But this—

This was uncharted.

This was Narnia.

A place he didn't know existed, a realm of sensation that had never even crossed his imagination.

Tighter. Hotter.

The pressure was unlike anything he had ever felt.

Every nerve in his cock was suddenly rewired, recalibrated, overwhelmed.

His breath **hitched**.

His fingers **gripped**.

His mind **went blank**.

He wasn't **moving** anymore—he was being
moved.

And for the **first time** in his life—

He understood what it meant **to truly lose**
himself.

She **didn't** encourage him.

She **didn't** hurry him.

She just **let him** take his time.

Let him **discover**. **Explore**. **Learn** his own way.

Because this **was his moment**.

And when she felt it—**his breath** growing
heavier, his **movements** losing rhythm, his

entire body tightening with the inevitability of
release—

Something **unexpected** happened.

She **surprised herself**.

She said it—out loud.

"Yes!"

Not to **push him**.

Not to **command him**.

But out of **pride**.

And, for the first time, out of something even
stranger.

Happiness.

For him.

Sincere. Real. Pure.

"Yes! ... Yes!"

And when he **came**—

When his entire body **convulsed**, his breath
breaking, his moan **spilling out raw and**
unfiltered—

It wasn't just **an orgasm**.

It was **arrival**.

He moaned **as if he had found land after**
months at sea.

Because **he had**.

Of course, after—**she started commanding**
again.

Because pleasure was **pleasure**.

But **power** was **absolute**.

She **stretched**, exhaling, letting the last echoes
of her unexpected happiness dissolve.

Then—without looking at him, without
needing to check if he was even capable of
moving yet—

She gave her next order.

"Fridge."

A beat.

He blinked, still floating in the afterglow, still
catching his breath.

She didn't wait for him to process.

"Champagne."

His body moved before his mind did.

She smirked. Good.

"Open."

She heard the sound of the fridge door, the
bottle shifting, the foil crinkling.

"Two glasses."

And then—**silence.**

Because he understood.

This wasn't a **request.**

It was an **expectation.**

And he **obeyed.**

As **he was opening the bottle,** her hand
touched the bottle.

Firm. Immediate. Final.

"No."

A pause. **He blinked.**

"**Another one. From the bottom.**"

His face flickered—**obedience, of course, but**
also confusion.

A silent, well-trained look saying "Sure, master.
But... why?"

She read it instantly.

Smirked. Because of course she did.

And then, without missing a beat, she educated
him:

"My dear boy, there are some things that just
aren't done, such as drinking Dom Pérignon
2012 above the temperature of 38 degrees
Fahrenheit."

His expression didn't change.

Not outwardly.

But internally, she knew—she could feel it—

He had just learned another rule of the
universe.

And he would never forget it.

They **drank naked in bed.**

Not in a rush. **Not indulgent.** Just **there.**

The champagne was **perfect.**

As it should be.

And then—**out of nowhere.**

He **moved.**

Not calculated. **Not seeking permission.**

He just **rested his head** on her breast.

Like it was **the most natural thing** in the world.

And for a moment, **she almost tensed.**

Almost.

Then—**softly, quietly, without hesitation,**
without expectation—

He said:

"Thank you, doctor."

She **exhaled**.

Didn't answer right away.

Didn't **push him off**.

Just let the moment **exist**.

Then, finally—**she sipped her champagne**.

And **let him stay**.

And just like that—

She had another puppet.

Another minion.

Another Sicilian pupo, strings all hers to pull,
tighten, release—whenever, however, to
whatever end she pleased.

Another possession.

Another property.

But this one...

This one was special.

Because he didn't just fall into it.

Didn't just allow it.

He wanted it.

Craved it.

Lived for being owned.

Not just **controlled**.

Not just **used**.

But **belonging**.

Entirely. Willingly. **Without hesitation, without resistance, without condition.**

And Séverine Moreau?

She smirked, sipping her **champagne**, fingers **idly stroking his hair as he lay against her.**

Because this one?

This one was hers.

And he **knew it.**

Next day.

Thomas's office.

Still bare. Still lifeless.

Séverine walked in without knocking, without hesitation.

She looked around, sighed.

Then, flatly, without discussion:

"Decorate this piece of shit. Make it yours."

A pause.

"Have Bleeding help you."

Thomas gulped.

Not because of the order. Because of the name.

Bleeding.

Evil incarnate.

The thought of **having to address her, to request something from her, to command her—**

It terrified him.

And Séverine?

She **saw it instantly.**

She smirked, tilted her head.

Then—a **single, quiet correction.**

"She works for you, not you for her."

She let that settle. Let the **weight of it press into his bones.**

Then, more pointedly—

"Don't forget it."

A slow sip of coffee, a lingering gaze.

"Act accordingly."

Then, without waiting for a response—**she**
turned and left.

Because she had already decided **he would**
obey.

That afternoon, she walked into his office.

No warning. No knocking. No permission needed.

She carried two books.

Thick. Heavy. Authority bound in paper.

She slammed them onto his desk.

Hard.

The sound echoed in the silence.

Thomas flinched. Just slightly.

She leaned forward, hands resting on the desk, eyes locked on his.

"That penal professor of yours."

A pause.

"Uses these books."

She tapped the first one.

A standard text. Doctrine. Theory. The kind that built legal scholars but never won cases.

Then, she slid her hand to the second book.

Different. Older. Sharper.

Not a book for learning.

A book for winning.

"But the real answers—the ones that would win in court—are in this other one."

She straightened.

"Study both."

A pause. A smirk. A flicker of amusement in her tone.

"Win."

Then, just like that, she turned and left.

Because there was nothing else to say.

That night.

Séverine walked into Thomas's office.

No invitation. No need for one.

Thomas was still studying.

His eyes scanning pages, absorbing law like it was scripture.

She watched him for a moment.

Not because she doubted. Because she already knew.

Then, her voice cut through the silence.

"You will pass all the exams you still have this semester.

All."

He blinked. Looked up. Straightened.

She continued.

"I will give you a case of mine.

You will defend that."

A pause.

"You will graduate at the end of this semester."

Her eyes locked onto his.

Then, simply—inevitably:

"Because I want so."

And just like that, it wasn't a goal.

It wasn't a challenge.

It was law.

In the car, Séverine lounged, her nails idly tracing feline scratches along the back of the driver's neck.

Not to tease. Not to seduce.

Just to remind him he existed because she allowed it.

He shivered. Kept driving. Silent. Obedient.

Then—she raised the privacy screen.

The world outside disappeared.

She flicked the car speaker on.

The line rang once.

Then—that voice.

Smooth. Amused. Expectant.

"Love."

Séverine smirked.

Took a slow breath, stretched like a cat, exhaled
into the dim glow of the car interior.

Then, with the kind of self-satisfaction
reserved for emperors and gods, she purred—

"You won't believe the toy I got myself."

A beat.

Then, from the other end of the line—a
delighted laugh.

"Tell me everything."

The **car** rolled to a stop.

The **door** popped open.

By **him**.

The **driver** stood, door held open, his posture
perfect, practiced, professional.

A **small bow** as she stepped out.

She **paused**.

Turned. **Looked at him.**

And then, in that **way she had—casual,**
effortless, but always cutting straight to the
core of things— she asked:

“Have you ever thought about going to
college? Studying?”

He didn't **move**. Didn't **flinch**.

His bow **remained, frozen in place.**

Then, calmly, simply:

“Yes, ma’am.”

She tilted her head, intrigued. **Watching him now.**

“Why didn’t you go?”

Still motionless.

“Couldn’t afford it, ma’am. Dropped out of high school. Helped family.”

She studied him.

Then—another question, because she was in the mood to interrogate the world.

“What would you have studied?”

A beat.

Then, without hesitation:

“Geology, ma’am.”

She **blinked**.

Then, **she smiled**.

“Geology?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

And that’s when it happened—

She let out a **big, full-bodied Ha!**

Not mocking.

Not dismissive.

Genuinely amused.

Because of **all the things this disciplined, silent,
obedient man could have said—**

He had chosen **rocks**.

Two days later.

Séverine walked into Thomas's office.

And for the first time—it had changed.

It wasn't bare anymore.

There was something.

Not much. But something.

She looked. Studied. Took it in.

Then—flatly, without ceremony, without
pause:

"Not yours enough."

A beat.

She turned her eyes directly to him.

"Put yourself in it."

Not a suggestion.

A demand.

From her **office**, Séverine could hear it.

Movement.

Shuffling. Unpacking. Rearranging.

Coming from **Thomas's office.**

Next door.

She leaned back in her chair, exhaling a slow stream of smoke, **listening.**

He had **hired people.**

Good.

He was **learning.**

He was **making it his.**

Not because she had **told him to.**

Because he **understood why he had to.**

And that?

That meant **progress.**

Three days later.

Séverine walked into Thomas's office.

And stopped.

Because it was his mirror.

Not just decorated.

Not just filled.

It was him.

She didn't know his personality before.

Not really.

But now she could read it.

In the books he chose.

In the art on the walls.

In the small, deliberate touches that made this
space undeniably his.

And for the first time, she saw him.

Not just a **puppet**.

Not just a **toy**.

A **mind**. A **force**. A **self**.

Her lips curved—slow, approving, almost
proud.

Then, **softly, deeply satisfied**:

“Good boy… good boy indeed.”

His smile was proud personified.

He had done well. And he knew it.

Séverine pulled out her phone. Dialed. One word.

"Bleeding."

No hesitation. No explanation.

And Bleeding appeared at the door.

Waiting. Ready. Predictable, as evil should be.

Séverine didn't even turn to look at her.

She simply pointed at Thomas.

And delivered the order as if it were as casual as requesting a coffee.

"Jack him off."

Bleeding moved immediately.

No shock. No question. No emotion.

Just **execution**.

She walked over, **unzipped Thomas's pants**.

Saw him **soft**.

Made him **hard**.

And started **pumping**.

Séverine **sat back**. Watched.

Locked her **eyes on his**.

Never looked away.

This wasn't **lust**.

This wasn't **pleasure**.

This was **reward**.

And Thomas?

At first, he was **stiff—frozen, overwhelmed**.

Then—**accepting**.

Then—**surrendering.**

And when it **happened—**

When he **moaned, shook, exhaled,**

When his **semen spurted—on the chair, the
desk, the carpet—**

Séverine **smiled.**

And Thomas?

He **smiled back.**

Bleeding **wiped her hand.**

Stood.

Nothing more. **Nothing less.**

And Séverine?

She leaned forward, her voice **smooth,
absolute, final.**

"This will happen every time you do a small thing well."

A pause.

A smirk.

"For the big things... we'll see."

And his smile spoke.

Before the orgasm, he had accepted it.

Because he had surrendered.

Because it was given to him.

Because Séverine Moreau had decided it would happen.

But now—after having had the pleasure, after feeling the release seep into his bones—

He knew.

It wasn't just given.

He had earned it.

He had it **because he deserved it.**

And that?

That was **the real lesson.**

Pleasure wasn't **random.**

Pleasure wasn't **a gift.**

Pleasure was **a reward.**

And Séverine?

She saw it **click behind his eyes.**

Saw him **realize.**

Saw him **understand.**

And **that was why she had smiled.**

She **flew him in and out of Vienna** for his
exams.

Private jet.

On **some client's bill.**

Because **why not?**

Vienna **kept her updated.**

A simple call. A short report. **Precise. Factual.**

"Today he passed three."

Séverine **hung up.**

Didn't smile. **Didn't react.**

Just **leaned back** in her chair.

And **absently, absentmindedly—**

Caressed a nipple under her blouse.

Because **excellence aroused her.**

And **Thomas was getting there.**

The following day.

Séverine walked into his office.

And saw it immediately.

He had been waiting for this moment.

The way he sat, the way he smiled—

Expectant. Ready. Knowing.

And then, with zero hesitation, with the perfect execution of someone who had learned exactly what power was—

He said:

"Bleeding."

And Bleeding appeared.

Like she always did.

Like a law of nature.

"Jack me off."

No emotion. No questions. No hesitation.

Bleeding **moved**.

Unzipped.

Took him **soft**.

Made him **hard**.

Started **pumping**.

And Séverine—

Séverine **felt it**.

A **shiver**.

Rising up from **somewhere deep inside her**.

Something **that wasn't lust**.

Something **that wasn't control**.

Something **that wasn't even ownership**.

It was...

Was this...

Was this being proud of your creation?

She looked at him.

Like a puppy giving his first bark.

Like something small, new, but inevitable—

A creation taking its first real step.

She observed everything.

The way his breath hitched.

The way his muscles tensed.

The way he never broke eye contact with her.

She waited.

Until she knew.

Until she saw the shift.

The moment he was close.

Then, without a word—without a sound—

She **moved**.

Stepped in **slowly, deliberately**.

And **cupped her hand** in front of his **twitching, throbbing cock**.

Bleeding **didn't react**.

Didn't stop.

Kept **pumping**.

Until—it **happened**.

Until he **came**.

And **she took it all**.

All of it.

Warm, thick, pooling in her **waiting palm**.

She lifted her **hand, held it up, studied it**.

And then—**slowly, elegantly, effortlessly—**

She **raised it to her mouth**.

And drank it all.

Not as a performance.

Not as a tease.

As a statement.

As law.

She drank.

The juice of the fruit she had grown.

The harvest of what she had cultivated, shaped,
molded.

And as she swallowed, slowly, deliberately,
effortlessly—

She still wondered.

This new feeling.

This strange, unfamiliar warmth curling
somewhere deep inside her.

Was this...

Pride?

Not **ownership**.

Not **control**.

Not **power**.

Something **else**.

Something **new**.

And Séverine Moreau, who had built her world
on **certainty, ruthlessness, and absolute
dominion—**

Didn't know.

In her **office**, alone, the **Montecristo**
smoldering between her fingers, her **bare feet**
propped on the desk, Séverine Moreau **felt it**.

A thought.

Freezing. Uninvited.

Not **like a shock of ice water**.

No. **Worse.**

Like something **deep, creeping, slow.**

Something that **made her brain shiver, made**
her fingers pause, made the smoke in her lungs
feel suddenly heavy.

Because she recognized **what it was.**

And it was **forbidden.**

Was it...?

May I forbid...?

Motherly pride?

Her eyes narrowed.

She exhaled slowly, watching the smoke curl,
her mind racing to reject, to deny, to erase.

But the thought didn't leave.

And that?

That was unacceptable.

She called Bleeding.

No hesitation. No delay.

And as always—Bleeding appeared.

At the door. Silent. Waiting. Ready.

Séverine thought about it.

Considered. Weighed it.

Her fingers tapped the Montecristo against the
ashtray.

She **leaned back**.

And, for a moment—**just a moment**—

She **slightly opened her legs**.

A familiar solution. A **reset button**.

A way to **erase, to redirect, to return to what was normal**.

Then—

She thought again.

And with a quiet, amused, exhaling smirk—

“Naaaah.”

She waved a **lazy hand**.

“It’s okay, Bleeding. It was nothing.”

Bleeding **nodded**.

Didn’t question. **Didn’t ask**.

Just **turned and left**.

And Séverine?

She sat there, puffing her **Montecristo**, her feet
still on the desk,

Wondering if that was **really true**.

Thomas had taken on a **well-earned**
professional confidence.

Not **arrogance**. Not **presumption**.

Real confidence.

The kind that came from **doing the work, from**
understanding, from owning his place in it.

And Séverine **saw it.**

Felt it **when he walked into her office.**

This time, not **hesitant.**

Not **uncertain.**

Just... **curious. Hungry. Sharp.**

He held a **book in one hand, notes in the other.**

"Doctor, would you explain this to me?"

He didn't say **please.**

Didn't say **if you have time.**

He **expected** to learn.

And she?

She **answered**.

Easily. Effortlessly.

Because she **knew everything**.

But also—she **admired**.

Admired the way he wasn't just getting good.

He was growing a passion for it.

Not just **studying**.

Not just **training**.

Loving it.

And that?

That was something they **shared**.

Not just **profession**.

Not just **ambition**.

Passion.

And as she explained, as he **absorbed every word**, as his mind sharpened against hers like a blade—

She realized.

He wasn't just her creation anymore.

He was becoming **her equal**.

Professionally. Only professionally.

In the law, in the courtroom, in the art of argument—

He was **growing, sharpening, becoming**.

But beyond that?

Beyond **books and cases and principles?**

He was **still her minion**.

Her Sicilian pupo.

A puppet whose strings were hers to pull,
tighten, or let slack.

And the most delicious part?

If she ever dropped them—

If she ever let go—

He would give them back to her.

Because he wanted them in her hands.

Because belonging to her was not a burden.

It was his purpose.

"Bleeding."

The line clicked.

A beat. **A pause.** Then, as always—**her voice.**

"Yes."

Séverine leaned back, **Montecristo smoldering**
between her fingers, feet propped up, gaze
sharp, unblinking.

And then, smoothly, **without hesitation,**
without weight—just law:

"I will take Cairo now."

A second of silence. Not uncertainty—
calculation.

Then—**Bleeding understood.**

"Understood."

The line clicked.

And just like that—

Cairo was hers.

Cairo.

International litigation.

A political mess wrapped in legalese.

Italy had a citizen in jail in Egypt.

Illegally, Italy said.

Tortured, Italy said.

Has to come home, Italy said.

And Egypt?

Egypt gave a **big, resounding, unapologetic**
NO.

Because this wasn't **just law.**

This was **power. Sovereignty.** A game of who
blinks first.

And Séverine Moreau?

She worked for—**can you guess?**

For evil, of course.

For **Egypt**.

For the side that wanted him to stay.

For the side that had tortured him, imprisoned him, ignored diplomatic pressure, and now needed a legal wall so high and unbreakable that even Italy would have to bow.

And Séverine?

She was there to build that wall.

Because **nothing** thrilled her more than making the righteous lose.

She appeared in court and owned it.

Not **with force**. Not **with theatrics**.

With **absolute, ruthless precision**.

The **Italians**?

They were **good**.

Damn good.

Experienced, sharp, **seasoned in international law.**

But... **they cared.**

And that?

That was **their weakness.**

Séverine **cared about nothing.**

She wasn't here for **justice.**

She wasn't here for **fairness.**

She wasn't even here for **Egypt.**

She was here **to destroy.**

Full stop.

Italy wanted their **citizen back? Safe?**

Untouched?

She wanted him jailed longer.

Tortured more.

Because Italy had come to court thinking it was
a battle.

But she wasn't here to fight.

She was here to make them suffer.

Because she could.

Because winning wasn't enough.

Crushing them was the goal.

She had once **heard** of a torture used in Egypt.

A **sound**, a thin metal rod, **slid up the urethra**.

Then—**heat**.

A **lighter underneath**.

Metal **glowing, burning, searing**.

Until the **victim mooed like a calf**.

She **wanted that**.

For the **Italian**.

Not because it was **necessary**.

Not because it was **strategic**.

Because **she could**.

And because of **her own recent experience with pain**.

Because she had **felt weakness creep into her once**.

Because she had touched the edge of fear, of
helplessness, of suffering—

And it had disgusted her.

So now, she wanted it on others.

Not as revenge.

Not as compensation.

As purification.

If she had felt pain—so would they.

And they would feel worse.

Because she willed it so.

She lay back in the luxury of her hotel suite,

smoking Egyptian hashish.

A lot.

Thick, heady smoke curled around her,

dulling nothing.

Because she was **always sharp.**

And then—

the idea.

A slow, **delicious realization.**

She picked up her phone.

Called **someone**

who knew **someone**

who knew **someone**

who knew—

the jail director.

She **made sure** her **desire, her will, her order**

would be realized.

And then—

she wired to his account **enough to buy a**
mansion on the Red Sea.

A fortune. **Nothing** to her.

To him? **Everything**.

The order? **Simple. Final. Absolute.**

Do that burning urethra sound thing to the
Italian.

Because the **Italians** didn't want it.

So she **wanted** it.

End of discussion.

She **picked up the phone.**

Flicked it to **speaker.**

Called **her.**

The only person she ever called for this.

The line clicked.

And then—**that voice.**

"Love."

Séverine **exhaled, hashish thick in her lungs.**

"Love."

A pause. **A moment.**

Then, **casually, almost amused:**

"I did a bad thing."

A slow inhale from the other side.

"How bad?"

Séverine **stared at the ceiling.**

Then, with a smirk—languid, rich, dripping in
self-awareness:

"Seal puppy clubbing bad."

A beat.

Then—a laugh.

Low, sultry, knowing.

"Oh yeah."

A pause.

"Tell me everything."

She had a **minion stream** for her from the
airport.

A **live feed**.

Of the **Italian legal team**.

Flying back.

Con la coda fra le gambe.

As they said. **Tail between their legs**.

Sad. **Defeated**.

Human **rights rattling** in their broken minds.

Justice? **Lost**.

Fairness? **Crushed**.

Hope? **Dead**.

And she?

She **watched**.

From the comfort of her suite, high above
Cairo.

And then, casually, because evil should always
be shared—

She forwarded the stream to Bleeding.

Because evil is only evil when someone else is
there to appreciate it.

On the **plane**, cruising above the clouds, the
Egyptian hashish haze slowly **dissolved**.

And **she realized**.

What she did.

What she **paid for**.

She **visualized it**.

The **sound**.

Sliding **up his urethra**.

The **metal**. Cold at first.

Then—the **fire**.

The heat **growing, searing, cooking him from**
the inside.

And then—

The noise.

The **mooring**.

Like a calf being taken from its mother.

Like a thing broken past words.

Like a sound that no courtroom, no legal
argument, no diplomatic plea could ever erase.

She let the image settle.

Let it wrap around her like silk.

And then—

She smirked.

Because—

She liked the mooing part.

A lot.

When she **arrived at the office**, the driver
opened her door and **held it for her**.

Routine. Precision. **A well-oiled machine.**

But today—a **deviation.**

She **stepped out.**

Didn't pause. Didn't hesitate.

"Follow me."

The driver **nodded.**

No question. No reaction.

He just **obeyed.**

She walked **directly into Thomas's office.**

He was **there, waiting.**

Not because she had **told him to expect her.**

But because, by now, he **just knew.**

And then—without drama, without buildup,
just another line in the script of his existence—

She turned to the driver and said:

"Jack him off."

And the driver, cold as Bleeding, emotionless
as stone—

Went for it.

Thomas...

Was not much into it.

His body stiffened.

Not from arousal.

From disorientation.

From confusion.

This was new.

This was not the pattern.

This was not her hands, not Bleeding's, not the
known script.

It was a man.

His driver.

And yet—

But...

But...

But Séverine was watching.

And Séverine had ordered it.

And Séverine had never given him anything he
didn't need.

So his breath hitched.

His brain fought it.

His body began to lose.

Because obedience was pleasure.

Because **pleasure** was reward.

And because **if she had decided it—**

Then it **must be good.**

It **took long** to get him hard.

Too long.

Thomas was **not into men.**

His body **resisted.**

His mind **fought.**

But then—

She was looking.

She was watching.

And their **eyes locked.**

And in that moment, everything **shifted.**

It wasn't about **pleasure.**

It wasn't about **desire.**

It wasn't about **the driver's hands, the foreign touch, the wrongness of it.**

It was about **her.**

About **her gaze.**

And then—he **did it.**

For **her.**

Because **she wanted it.**

And when he was **close—**

He **smiled at her.**

Not because it felt **good.**

Because he was **doing it for her.**

And then—he **came.**

Squirting. Pulsing. Releasing.

But there was **no pleasure in it.**

Just **duty.**

Just **submission**.

But because it was **for her**—

Because he saw **approval in her eyes**, because
her gaze was on him, because he had pleased
her—

There was **some pleasure**.

Not from his **body**.

From **her**.

From the **way she looked at him**.

For her.

She got into her car.

He drove.

And as always, her hand found the back of his neck.

Not firm. Not controlling.

Just there.

Her nails scratched lightly, lazily—like a cat testing its claws.

Then, her voice, smooth, effortless, inevitable.

"Did you like it?"

A pause.

His grip on the wheel didn't tighten.

His breath didn't change.

Just—a steady, honest answer.

"No, ma'am."

She let that sit.

Her nails **softened**.

The scratch **became a caress**.

And then—**she said it**.

"Thank you."

A beat.

And then, without hesitation—

"Yes, ma'am."

Because he **knew**.

She never said **please**.

She never said **thank you**.

Never.

But **now**.

Now, she had.

And that?

That meant **everything**.

It happened **without either of them noticing.**

Not **Thomas.**

Not **her.**

No moment of **realization.**

No grand **shift.**

No conscious **decision.**

Just—**time.**

They spent **more and more of it together.**

Not in **bed.**

Not in **power plays.**

In law.

Discussing it, dissecting it, **arguing over it with
the same ruthless passion.**

Until one night—

They looked up and realized **it was 1 a.m.**

They were still at it.

Not because they had to.

Because they **wanted to**.

And it was then—

**Without thinking, without ceremony, without
hesitation—**

That she did something **she had never done
before.**

She offered him a **Montecristo.**

Casual. Simple. Like it was nothing.

But it was **everything.**

Because she had **never offered one to anyone.**

A precedent.

Thomas **didn't know.**

Didn't know the case **Séverine** had given him
as his thesis defense had been **specifically**
against two of the professors sitting on his
examination board.

Not just **against them.**

A case that had humiliated them. Exposed
them. Rendered them powerless in a legal
arena.

He only **realized it mid-presentation.**

When he saw their **faces darken.**

Saw their **eyes shift.**

Their **bodies tense.**

And for a moment—**just a fraction of a**
second—he frowned.

Why do they hate me now?

Then—he shrugged.

Because in that moment, he understood.

He couldn't care less.

So he did what he had been taught to do.

He kept going.

He doubled down.

He argued with precision, attacked with elegance, left no opening, no weakness, no room for mercy.

And when their attempts to undermine him came—

He effortlessly humiliated them again.

Not spitefully.

Not emotionally.

Just—because he could.

And when he was **finished**, when the rest of the board praised him, when they nodded in approval, when they recognized what he had become—

He realized something else.

He had **destroyed**.

Like **her**.

Her style.

Her legacy.

And for the first time, standing in that examination room, under the weight of his own talent, of his own ruthlessness, of his own inevitability—he **felt it**.

Not just **victory**.

Séverine's presence in him.

She was **there**, of course.

Not in the **room**.

Not **where he** could see her.

But she was **watching**. Listening. Measuring.

And when he **spoke**—

When he **tore through** his arguments with
precision, with confidence, with effortless
destruction—

She felt it.

Not **pride**.

Beyond pride.

She **admired**.

Professionally.

Because he wasn't just **a student** anymore.

He wasn't just **her minion**, her Sicilian pupo,
her creation.

He had become **good**.

Truly good.

And in only **one semester**.

That didn't just deserve acknowledgment.

That deserved **professional esteem**.

And Séverine Moreau?

She only admired **excellence**.

And today—he had earned it.

On the **private jet back home**, Thomas **sank**
into the leather chair.

Finally, **relaxing.**

His muscles still **buzzing with adrenaline** from
his defense, from the destruction, from the
victory.

And then—

Séverine Moreau **emerged from the cockpit.**

Silk robe.

Nothing underneath.

She let it **slide off.**

Not **slowly.** Not **seductively.**

Deliberately. Unceremoniously.

And then—**she sat.**

Not next to him. **Opposite.**

And **spread** her legs.

Not with **elegance**.

Not with **grace**.

Vulgar.

Graphic.

Pornographic.

She let him **see**.

All of it.

And then—**her voice**.

Low. **Absolute**.

"You always dreamt of this, didn't you?"

A pause.

A smirk.

"To taste me."

Her fingers brushed down her stomach.

"To lick me."

She squeezed a nipple.

Pulled it, lifting her whole breast, then letting it fall.

"To make me cum at your will."

A breath.

A shift.

And then—the offer.

"Now you can."

A flicker of something in her eyes. Not dominance. Not power. Something else.

Something he didn't quite understand.

Yet.

"You have the whole flight."

A pause.

A smirk.

"Make me cum as many times as you want."

And boy, that he did.

Thomas had been **reading**.

Studying.

Watching porn.

Because now, he had an **idea of what he was doing.**

Good? Not by the first orgasm.

But she **guided him.**

Taught him.

Her voice **low, demanding, instructive—**
turning into purrs, into moans, into screams.

By the **fourth orgasm?**

He was **mastering it.**

His hands knew where to press, where to pull,
how to read her body like the law he had
studied.

His tongue became an argument she couldn't
counter.

And his will—unyielding, relentless—matched
hers.

When the jet landed,

Her throat hurt from the screams.

Her legs wobbled, weak, unsteady.

Her pussy was swollen, pulsing, raw.

And Thomas?

His face was covered with her juices.

And as she sat back, catching her breath,
overwhelmed and satisfied in ways that defied
even her experience—

He leaned in.

Deliberately.

And **kissed her.**

Not for her.

For him.

To let her **taste herself on him.**

Her **eyes locked on his.**

And she **didn't pull away.**

She **called the cockpit.**

Voice **smooth, controlled, but absolute.**

"Take off again and fly for an hour."

No explanation.

No reason needed.

The **order was law.**

And when the plane was **back in the air—**

She **pushed him violently** onto the chair.

No tenderness. **No hesitation.**

Knelt before him.

And then, her voice—**sharp, electric,**
inevitable:

"Who is your penis professor?"

His **face lit up.**

Not just **obedience.**

Not just **submission.**

Pure happiness.

A **smile stretched wide, wild, full of knowing,**
full of everything he had become.

"You are, Doctor."

She smirked.

"Damn right I am."

And **professor** she was.

She **licked**.

She **sucked**.

She **blew**.

Her **tongue** traced hieroglyphics on his shaft—
ancient knowledge, sacred technique, a
forgotten script of pleasure.

Her **hand** squeezed his balls—

Hard enough to **command**.

Soft enough to **promise**.

And then—

She **pushed a finger** up his ass.

So **far up** he almost spit a lung.

And she **pressed**.

Right on his **L-point**.

The nerve that **collapsed kings**.

That made **gods beg.**

And as she **sucked him deep—**

As he **lost himself completely—**

He mooed.

Like the **Italian.**

But the **opposite.**

Not in **pain.**

In **pleasure.**

In **complete, obliterating surrender.**

He came **in rivers.**

And she **chugged with gusto.**

Drank it **down like it was owed to her.**

Because it **was.**

When she **looked up,**

His **tears were falling.**

Silent. **Raw. Unfiltered.**

But his **smile was wide.**

Bright. Pure.

"Thank you, Doctor."

And just like that—

Something in **her shifted.**

Something **beyond pleasure, beyond power,
beyond control.**

Without thinking, without hesitating—

She **took him in her arms.**

Held him.

Offered him her warm, wet, unfiltered body.

And he **hugged her back.**

Fiercely.

Like a man who had never been held before.

And then—slowly, instinctively—

He lowered his head.

And latched onto her nipple.

Not greedily.

Not sexually.

Like a child.

Like something primal, something deep,
something lost and found at once.

"Thank you, Doctor," he murmured.

Again. Again.

And she—

She held him closer.

Ran her fingers through his hair.

And then—gently, softly, without thinking—

She **kissed his forehead.**

His **suckling.**

Her **breast.**

She **loved it.**

Not **sex.**

Not **desire.**

Something **else.**

Something **deep. Unspoken. Beyond words.**

Something **she had never allowed herself to
feel.**

It was...

Love.

Pure. **Unfiltered. Undeniable.**

But then—the **realization.**

The horrifying, impossible thought that
crawled into her brain, cold as steel.

Maternal.

No.

No. No. No.

Forbid.

Erase. Kill it.

But his lips were still there.

Still soft. Still suckling. Still trusting.

And inside her, where she refused to look—

The truth remained.

She arrived home in shock.

Zombie-walking.

Mind spinning. Stumbling over itself.

She didn't bother with lights.

Didn't bother with her coat.

Went straight to the bar.

Grabbed a whiskey bottle.

Didn't care which.

Didn't care how expensive.

Just opened it.

Drank.

A burning swallow. Another. Another.

And then—anxiously, desperately—

She worked the environment speaker phone.

"Love."

A beat. A pause. Then, that voice.

"Love."

But Séverine's voice was **not hers**.

Not **the woman who crushed nations, who
twisted law, who never bent.**

Her voice was **trembling**.

"Save me."

A shift. A silence. A **slow inhale on the other
end.**

Then—**carefully, steadily—**

"What happened?"

And Séverine Moreau—who had never
confessed a weakness, who had never needed
saving, who had never allowed a moment of
vulnerability to live long enough to breathe—

Told all of it.

Her **whiskey bottle** slipped from her fingers.

Hit the floor.

She **didn't care**.

Couldn't care.

She was **barely breathing, barely thinking**.

Her body was **there, in the room**.

Her mind? **Spiraling. Collapsing. Lost.**

She **couldn't speak**.

Couldn't **text**.

Couldn't even **ask for help properly**.

So she did the **only thing she could**.

She **pushed the button** for the driver.

And in a **whisper, like a shadow, like he had
been waiting for the call his whole life—**

He appeared.

He knelt before her. Studied her. Took his time.

Fifteen minutes.

That's how long it took him to understand.

To decipher the mess of words, the slurred panic, the absolute unraveling of the woman who had never unraveled.

And when he finally understood,

He called Bleeding.

"Fly her to Delhi."

And that was that.

He picked her up.

Carried her to the car.

Drove to the private jet like a man executing an order that had been written in the universe before time itself.

And when they arrived?

He **didn't** let her walk.

He **carried** her onto the plane.

Buckled her in.

Left **water. Alka-Seltzer. Aspirin.**

And just before stepping away—**just before**
leaving her in the hands of altitude and fate—

He wiped a **drop of sweat off her brow.**

Then, **without a word, he left.**

She **hated India.**

That's why she **chose India.**

A **good excuse.**

A reason to **never leave the hotel.**

And she **didn't.**

For **a month, she never stepped outside the suite.**

A **suite the size of a football field.**

A **gilded, soundproof, artificially controlled world where nothing existed unless she willed it.**

She had **people come up for the most meaningless tasks.**

Not out of **laziness.**

Out of **dominance.**

Because she could.

She had two mimes, dressed as Marcel
Marceau,

brought up just to mimic stirring the sugar in
her coffee.

Not stir it.

Just mime it.

She smoked so much top-quality marijuana
she left the galaxy.

Reality was optional.

Her body was a concept.

Time was an inconvenience.

And then—

One morning—

She woke up to a monkey in a tweed vest

fucking her ass with a beer bottle.

And she had to call **medics**.

Who had to **give her all sorts of shots**.

Because whatever the **hell had happened in the last twelve hours**,

she **wasn't about to take any risks**.

She **finally cracked her knuckles**.

The haze, the weed, the monkey, the absurdity of it all—it **was done**.

She **had unraveled**.

Now, she was **pulling herself back**.

She picked up her phone, **dialed**.

"Bleeding."

A beat. A pause.

Then, **that voice**.

"Yes."

Séverine **exhaled. Slowly.**

The final drag of whatever the **hell** she had been smoking.

Then, **clear. Cold. Final.**

"Fly me in."

A pause. A shift in energy.

"Don't be there when I get there."

Click. **Line dead.**

No room for discussion. **No need.**

Bleeding **understood.**

By the time Séverine landed, **Delhi would be nothing but a fever dream.**

She **walked into Thomas' office.**

And immediately, she noticed—**it was different.**

Not just **decorated.**

Not just **filled.**

Deeper.

It felt... **like him.**

Like his **essence had soaked into every inch of the space.**

It unsettled her.

Not because it was **wrong—**

Because it was **unexpected.**

She paused. **Studied it.**

Then—**slammed the door behind her.**

The sound echoed, sharp and commanding.

"Talk to me."

Not a request.

Not a suggestion.

An **order**.

Because she needed to know—

Who was this man becoming?

And **he spoke**.

Not **hesitant**.

Not **waiting for permission**.

Not **like a minion**, not like a Sicilian pupo, not
like a man who needed his strings pulled to
move.

He spoke **like himself**.

Like a man who had **thought**. **Reflected**.

Changed.

Like a man who had **spent a month in an office**
that was no longer just an office—

But his.

Like a man who had been **left alone long**
enough to become something new.

His voice was **measured. Controlled. Strong.**

And as he spoke—

Séverine **watched.**

Listened.

And for the **first time, maybe ever—**

She didn't know if she had **created this...**

Or if he had created himself.

He **stood there.**

Sincerely **puzzled.**

As if saying, "Yes, whatever you want... what shall I talk about?"

And she saw it.

Saw that hesitation. That lingering obedience.

That final thread of minionhood.

And she hated it.

So she closed the space between them.

Fast. Direct. Unavoidable.

And then—she slapped him.

Hard.

The crack of her palm against his face echoed through the office.

Not to punish.

Not to hurt.

To snap him out of it.

To **break** something loose.

To **see** what he did next.

She slapped him **just like a**...

Like a...

Like a **mothe**—

NO.

NO. NO. NO.

FORBID. ERASE. KILL IT.

Her **stomach** twisted.

Her **chest** burned.

She **stepped** back, fast, too fast, as if she could
outrun the thought.

But it was **there**.

And it **disgusted** her.

She had slapped him **not to punish**.

Not to **dominate**.

Not to **humiliate**.

She had slapped him **to make him better**.

To **push him forward**.

Like a... **like a...**

FUCK.

She **bit the inside of her cheek so hard she tasted blood**.

Because **this?**

This was dangerous.

She **jumped at him**.

Not like a person.

Like a **tiger**.

Claws out. Teeth bared.

Her nails **ripped through cloth and skin alike**.

No hesitation. No care.

And her voice—raw, growling, undeniable—

"Make this moment about sex."

She grabbed, pulled, tore, as though destroying him was the only way to create something new.

"Fuck me. Make me yours."

A breathless snarl, a gasp, a demand.

"Make you mine."

She pinned him, nails digging in, mouth at his ear—her words spilling out hot and feral.

"For the love of me penetrate me. Make it shameless."

And shameless it was.

Perverted. Deviant.

A night that would have made Sodom blush,

would have gotten **Gomorra** to take notes.

There are **several international** conventions
that strictly prohibit **describing what**
happened.

The **Hague** has a clause against it.

Geneva **turns a blind eye** out of sheer necessity.

Even the Vatican, in its **infinite** hypocrisy,
would clutch its pearls and whisper,

“My God.”

What happened that night?

Unspeakable. Unrepeatable. Unholy.

And yet—

They did it.

All of it.

And when **morning** came—

The world was **exactly** the same.

Except **they weren't**.

As morning came...

He was **suckling** at her nipple.

Not **with** hunger.

Not **with** lust.

With need.

And she?

She was **letting** him.

Her fingers **drifting** through his hair, slow,
absentminded, almost... tender.

And then—

She kissed his forehead.

Soft. **Automatic**.

Like it was the **most natural** thing in the world.

And she **didn't stop herself this time.**

She just **let it happen.**

Because at some point—

She had stopped fighting it.

She **flew him to Cairo** with her.

Because the **Italians were back** at it.

Because this time—**she gave him the helm.**

And just like that...

He betrayed her.

Not with **malice.**

Not with **disobedience.**

But with **his own mind.**

He used **humanitarian arguments.**

He **agreed with the Italians.**

He **negotiated.**

Showed the **goodwill of the Egyptian
government**

Involved the UN.

Turned the fight into a diplomatic victory.

And in less than a week—

The Italian boy was flying home.

A happy ending.

A win for justice.

A win for humanity.

And Séverine Moreau, watching from the
sidelines—felt something break.

She was ready to leave him there.

Ready to make him come back on a commercial
flight.

Because she was done.

Because he had betrayed her vision.

Because he had been good—but not hers.

And then—

The news.

Released just an hour before his plane landed.

The first **images**.

The Italian boy.

His **maimed, destroyed, useless genitalia**.

Not a man anymore.

Not **anything** anymore.

Then, **the videos**.

Of him **spilling everything**.

Every **name**. Every connection. Every innocent
life tied to his.

Not because he **knew anything important**.

But because he had been **made to talk**.

Tortured until truth didn't matter anymore.

Until he would have **confessed to killing Julius
Caesar just to make the pain stop**.

And then—the **final videos**.

Of him **crying**. **Begging**. **Shitting himself**.

And mooing.

Mooing!

Like a **calf**.

Like the **Italian** was always meant to.

Séverine **sat still**.

Watching.

Listening.

And then—**she smiled**.

Because **this?**

This was **not Thomas's win**.

This was **hers**.

She **heard him**.

Behind her.

In the **doorframe**.

His voice **calm**. **Even**. **Careful**.

But not **uncertain**.

Not **hesitant**.

"Did I do good, Doctor?"

She didn't **turn around**.

Didn't **answer right away**.

Just **kept watching**.

The **images**.

The **videos**.

The **mooring**.

She let it **all settle in her bones**.

Then—**slowly, deliberately**— with a voice **low**,
smooth, and unreadable—

She finally spoke.

"What do you think, Thomas?"

He stood there.

In the doorway.

The weight of what had just happened, what he
had just done, what he had just become—

Still settling.

And yet—his voice was steady.

"Doctor."

A pause.

A shift in the air.

"I never licked a foot of yours."

Another pause.

Then—softly. Willingly.

"May I?"

She watched him.

Measured **the words**. The intent. The
surrender.

Then—**slowly, deliberately**—

She stepped forward.

Kicked off **one shoe**.

Then the **other**.

And then, without a word—

She **lifted her foot**.

Offering it.

Waiting.

And he—

He **knelt**.

And **took it**.

As his **tongue passed over her foot arch** for the
n-th time,

he paused—not to hesitate, not to second-guess, but to ask.

"Doctor, may I suck a toe?"

A beat. A moment. A flicker of something in her gaze.

Then, smooth as silk, inevitable as gravity—

"Yes, Thomas. You may."

And sucked he did.

With dedication.

With passion.

With… tenderness.

Just like he had suckled her nipple.

Not as worship.

Not as submission.

As something deeper.

As something she still refused to name.

She felt like kicking.

Like screaming.

Like making him go away.

Because this? This was dangerous.

This was not control.

This was not power.

This was not ownership.

This was something else.

Something she had no words for.

And yet—

She let him.

Didn't push him away.

Didn't order him to stop.

Instead—

She lifted her **other foot**.

Rested it **on his shoulder**.

And then, with **exquisite slowness—**

With the **barest, softest movement—**

She **caressed his ear**.

With her **foot**.

And that?

That was **worse than kicking him away**.

Because it meant **she was staying**.

The next day.

In her office.

The news was still on the Italian affair.

Endless loops of maimed genitalia, coerced confessions, begging, shitting—

The mooing.

That sound.

She didn't turn away. Didn't flinch.

She let it play.

And then—calmly, coldly—

She picked up the phone.

"Thomas. Come in."

Moments later, he stood in front of her.

Silent. Obedient. Waiting.

She gestured, slow and deliberate.

"Stand by the TV set."

He moved. Without hesitation.

And as the images flashed on the screen—

The shame. The scandal. The pain. The
destruction. The mooing.

She watched him.

Watched his silhouette against the light of the
screen.

And for the first time—she saw it.

The horns.

The pointy tail.

The smell of sulfur creeping into the room.

He was no longer her creation.

He was no longer her minion.

He was something else.

And as the screen flickered, as the Italian's
disgrace filled the air—he was ready.

Ready.

Not just to **serve**.

Not just to **obey**.

Not just to **win**.

He was **ready to ruin her enemies**.

For her.

For the **woman who had made him**.

For the **only law that mattered**.

For **Séverine Moreau**.

He didn't **speak**.

Didn't **ask for orders**.

Because he **knew what needed to be done**.

Because **it was time**.

And she?

She **watched him.**

The **horns. The tail. The sulfur in the air.**

She had been **building a weapon.**

And now—

It was **fully forged.**

It was time to unleash it.

"Bleeding."

The line clicked.

No pleasantries. No small talk.

**"Set a meeting. Me and Thomas. 10 a.m.
Tomorrow."**

A beat. A pause. A silence thick with meaning.

Bleeding **knew**.

Séverine had **never scheduled a meeting
between them**.

Thomas had always just... **existed in her orbit**.

Had always just... **been there when needed**.

Now?

Now, he had to be **summoned**.

And Thomas?

When he heard?

When he realized what that meant?

He would do what he had been **trained to do**.

He would **live it**.

Because **tomorrow, at 10 a.m., everything
would change**.

The meeting.

10 a.m. Sharp.

Séverine sat across from him.

No preamble. No softening. No omissions.

She told him everything about Georgetown.

Really everything.

The premises. The consequences.

Every detail.

The shame. The horror. The loss of control.

She described her body—naked, covered in
blood, tears, and snot.

Her snot.

She didn't look away.

And she watched him.

Watched him absorb it, process it, try to keep
his face neutral.

But she saw it.

He was growing mad.

Not at her. At the world.

At the insult to her.

At the idea that anyone—anyone—had made
her weak.

And just as his fists clenched, just as the anger
threatened to take hold—

She slapped him.

Hard.

A crack across his face.

His head snapped to the side.

And before he could **react, before he could**
even breathe,

her voice **cut through him like ice.**

"Don't."

A pause.

A beat.

And then—**sharp, final, absolute:**

"Never feelings.

Never personal.

Ever."

"Give your ideas."

Her voice was **steady. Measured. Commanding.**

And **like a machine,** like a cold, calculating
system running the highest-stakes equation, **he**
processed.

Analyzed.

Evaluated.

Explained.

A strategy.

A path.

A logical, effective, structured solution.

She listened.

And she hated it.

She stood up.

And—like a man to another man, like an equal
to an equal, like a warrior challenging a
warrior—

She punched him.

Hard.

Jaw to knuckle.

His chair **flipped backward, crashing to the floor.**

And as he lay there, stunned, breath knocked out of him—

She **yelled.**

"NO!"

The walls **shook.**

And then—just as fast, just as brutal, just as inevitable—

She **grabbed his arm, yanked him up, put him back on his feet.**

Steady. Grounded.

Then, **a cigar.**

Handed to him **like a test, like a baptism, like a demand to be better.**

"Again."

Her voice **low**. **Cold**. **Exacting**.

"And do it right this time."

Next idea.

He **spoke**. **Calculated**. **Delivered**.

She **listened**. **Absorbed**. **Weighed**.

And then—she **rejected**.

"No!"

Another **punch**.

This time, from the **other side**.

His head **snapped**, his jaw **cracked**, but—

He **balanced**.

Didn't **fall**.

Didn't **break**.

He **spat blood**.

It hit the floor like punctuation.

She watched him.

Measured his stance, his resilience, his
threshold.

Then, without ceremony, without a word,

She poured bourbon.

On the rocks.

For both.

The glass clinked in front of him.

And then—again, like law, like ritual, like
prophecy—

She said it.

"Again."

His new line.

Detailed. Precise. Ruthless.

To the most boring, intricate, calculated detail.

Flawless.

And she knew it.

But her body—her instincts, her law—

Tried to hit him again.

To break him again.

To make sure he was still hers.

But this time—

He stopped her hand.

Firm. Unyielding.

And then—sacrilege.

He hit her back.

Not a fist. Not a challenge to her power.

An open hand.

A correction. A declaration. A mirror to what
she had done to him.

And she stumbled.

Almost falling.

But he caught her.

Like a tango casqué.

Effortless. Controlled. Holding her in place.

And then—

His voice.

Strong. Steady. Certain.

"YES!"

And in that moment—

She saw it.

Felt it.

Knew it.

He wasn't a **minion** anymore.

He wasn't a **Sicilian pupo**.

He was **standing** as her equal.

And he had **won**.

Bleeding had **the car arrive.**

As **always.**

Predictable. Precise. **A machine moving in the background of her life.**

And Séverine?

She **walked to it in a trance.**

Not thinking. **Not fully there.**

Her **mind spinning, unraveling, reconstructing itself in real-time.**

The **driver stood, door open, waiting.**

And **she—without a word, without a pause—shoved him inside.**

Pushed him back.

Caged him between the leather and herself.

Her breath was fire, was ice, was everything in
between.

And then—the order.

"Fuck me with hate."

A pause.

A flicker of something in his eyes.

But she didn't stop.

"Make me feel like a tool.

And stop for nothing."

And he did.

No hesitation.

No questions.

Because she had commanded it.

And as he slammed into her, rough, brutal,
impersonal—

She **scratched his shoulder.**

Hard.

Deep.

Until her **nails broke skin.** Until his blood
welled up.

And then—**she sucked it.**

Drank it.

Because in that moment, she **didn't want to be**
in control.

She didn't want to **own.**

She wanted to be **used.**

To be **a thing.**

Because **for the first time in her life—**

She had been **made to feel.**

After, as she adjusted herself, smoothing her dress, regaining the shape of Séverine Moreau but not yet the essence—

She asked.

"What is your name?"

A simple question.

A normal, human question.

And he—still buttoning his shirt, still closing his belt, still untouched by everything that had just happened—

Simply said:

"No, ma'am."

And finished dressing up.

No name.

No story.

No **existence** beyond his function.

He sat in the **driver's** seat.

Started the **engine**.

And **drove**.

And Séverine—

Scratched.

Cat-like.

The **back** of his neck.

A gesture so **small**, so **fleeting**, so **devastatingly**
intimate.

Love.

Maybe not **the kind** poets wrote about.

But **the only kind** she knew.

Thomas hired an investigation company.

Not just any.

Big time.

Corporate espionage.

Wall Street-level intelligence.

Bodyguard services with former MI6 and CIA
operatives.

Security. Secrecy. Discretion.

The kind of **invisible power** that didn't just
protect—

It **knew**.

It **saw**.

It **anticipated**.

And Thomas?

He didn't just **buy their services**.

He **demand**ed something specific.

A team. Dedicated only to him.

Answering only to him.

Reporting every 24 hours.

Not to Séverine.

To him.

Because Séverine Moreau had **built him,**
shaped him, trained him.

But now—

Now, he was **building something of his own.**

And Séverine?

She didn't know it **yet.**

First target: the gay Georgetown bartender.

The queen of queers. The one who had harpooned Séverine's hand.

Thomas wanted to know everything.

Not just where he lived.

Not just his real name.

Everything.

The hour he took a shit.

His mother's shoe size.

When his nephew lost his third tooth.

His loves.

His passions.

His fears.

His secrets.

The skeletons he had buried so deep even he had forgotten them.

And the **question** wasn't **why**.

The question was **when**.

When would Thomas **use** it?

And how **badly** would the bartender regret ever
existing?

First, his mother.

The one who had **raised him alone.**

A young widow.

The one who had **embraced his truth, his
queerness, his flamboyance, his being fully,
unapologetically himself.**

The one who had **loved him without condition.**

And Thomas?

Thomas found a skeleton.

Buried **deep.**

And he **dug it up.**

And **dragged it into the light.**

Exposed it.

Magnified it.

Made it **her entire existence.**

Humiliation.

Eviction.

Arrest.

Trial.

Conviction.

She **broke**.

Not all at once.

First, **her body** gave in.

Then, **her mind**.

By the time it was over, she was **nothing**.

A **vegetable** in a wheelchair.

Locked away in a **care center**.

A **very expensive** one.

On the **bartender's bill**.

Every month, every payment, every dollar—a
reminder.

A **punishment.**

A **message.**

Thomas had **come.**

And **he was only getting started.**

Then, his sister's family.

Husband and son.

The bartender's nephew.

A car accident.

Not sudden.

Not random.

Their car, somehow, miraculously, tragically,
horribly—

stuck under a truck.

Twisted metal. Crushed frame. Trapped
bodies.

And the bartender?

Arrived just in time.

Strangely, coincidentally, perfectly timed—

To see.

To watch.

To be there when it happened.

Because just as he stepped onto the accident
site—

The fuel caught fire.

A burst of flames.

Firefighters rushed, fought, screamed orders.

But it was too late.

And the bartender?

He could do nothing.

Nothing.

Just stand there, frozen, helpless, shattered—

As his sister's husband burned alive.

As his nephew screamed in agony.

Begging.

Not for **help**.

Not for **rescue**.

For **death**.

"Please, kill me! Please, please, make it stop!"

And the **bartender**?

Could do **nothing**.

Could only **watch, listen, suffer—**

As his **family burned**.

And **Thomas**?

Thomas was watching too.

From a **distance**.

From the **shadows**.

And he knew—

This was only **the second step**.

Because the bartender **wasn't done breaking**
yet.

It could be excruciatingly painful, mildly
painful, somehow painful, or painless at all.

Thomas had learned that lesson well.

And for the nephew—

The child—

He had chosen excruciatingly painful.

Not mild.

Not merciful.

Excruciating.

Because pain was a language.

Because pain was power.

Because pain, when wielded correctly, didn't
just hurt—

It rewrote reality.

So the child didn't just burn.

He **felt it.**

Every second.

Every layer of flesh curling, charring, peeling.

Every scream **ripping from his throat until
there was no throat left to scream with.**

And Thomas?

Thomas made sure the **bartender heard it all.**

Because the bartender **wasn't allowed to just
lose his family.**

He had to **experience it.**

Every crackle of fire.

Every shriek of agony.

Every desperate **plea for death.**

Because pain **wasn't just punishment.**

Pain was **a gift.**

A lesson.

A mark left forever.

And Thomas had given it generously.

And finally—**him**.

The **bartender**.

Now **broken**.

Not just **hurt**.

Not just **mourning**.

Not just **grieving**.

Destroyed.

In full PTSD.

Shaking.

Uncontrollably. Without warning. Throughout
the day.

Crying.

Out of the blue, no trigger needed—because
everything was a trigger now.

Panic attacks.

Crushing, suffocating.

The kind that made him drop things in the middle of a shift.

The kind that made his heart race even when nothing was happening.

The kind that woke him up screaming, gasping for breath, drenched in sweat.

And Thomas?

Thomas had waited.

Had let the suffering settle, embed itself, burrow into his very being.

Because this?

This was the perfect moment.

Now—now it was his turn.

Thomas had him flown in.

Not privately.

Not discreetly.

Not with any of the dignity a man might hope
for in his final moments.

Economy.

Three connections.

Long, grueling, degrading hours.

Stuck in cramped seats.

Between strangers who didn't know, didn't
care.

Surrounded by the mundane hum of normal
life.

And only with himself.

With his thoughts. His memories. His screams.

With time.

So much time to think.

To relive every second.

The maimed mother.

The burning child.

The sound of his nephew begging for death.

The mooing.

By the time he landed,

By the time he was delivered to Séverine

Moreau's office,

He wasn't a man anymore.

He was a ghost.

A thing that existed only in suffering.

And Thomas?

Thomas was there.

Waiting.

Ready for the final act.

Thomas **walked** the bartender into Séverine
Moreau's office.

She had **no idea**.

Not about the plan.

Not about the **methodical** destruction.

Not about the **surgical** precision with which he
had **executed** every piece.

He had kept it **completely** secret.

And now—**now** she would witness it all at
once.

The bartender **stood** before her.

A **ruin of a man**.

Shaking. **Gaunt**. **Hollow-eyed**.

A man who had **lost everything**.

And Thomas?

He stood **beside** him.

Calm. Cold. Precise.

And with absolute clarity—making sure the
bartender heard every word, understood every
piece—

He told her everything.

The plan.

The scheme.

The masterful execution.

Step by step.

From the mother.

To the sister's family.

To the child's burning flesh.

To the endless, inescapable mooing.

Every decision.

Every choice.

Every calculated moment of agony.

And as he spoke—as the story unfolded in full,
undeniable detail—

The bartender stood there.

His body trembling. His breath uneven. His
mind crumbling as each piece fit into place.

And Séverine?

She watched.

She listened.

And for the first time in her life—

She felt something new.

Thomas finished.

The final word hung in the air.

The room was silent.

The bartender stood there, trembling, barely
holding himself upright.

And Thomas?

He **turned to Séverine.**

And with a voice **steady, certain, absolute—**

He said:

"He is yours."

A beat.

A pause.

A shift in the air.

Then—**stronger. Sharper.**

"Your property."

And then, **one final time—**

Clear. Cold. Inevitable.

"Pro-per-ty."

And just like that—**it was law.**

She sat back.

Savoring it.

Letting the moment stretch, seep into her bones.

What a nice present.

Wrapped in suffering.

Tied with the ribbons of despair.

Delivered to her feet, trembling, broken, defeated.

This—this was why she had created Thomas.

Why she had molded him, shaped him, sharpened him like a perfect blade.

Not just to serve.

Not just to obey.

But to execute.

To manage her revenge with the same ruthless
precision she would have used herself.

And yet—he had gone beyond.

He had done it as a surprise.

A gift. A celebration. A proof of mastery.

And the evil inside her—

The part of her that had always been cold,
calculating, unshakable—

Almost clapped its hands.

Like an ecstatic child watching fireworks
explode in the night sky.

Because this?

This was perfection.

She walked to the bartender.

Slow. Measured. Hunting.

She studied him.

Walked around him.

Not as a woman looking at a man.

Not as a predator looking at prey.

As a buyer inspecting property.

Like a horse being evaluated for strength,
obedience, usability.

She watched the shaking in his hands.

The tension in his shoulders.

The way his breath hitched every time her
heels clicked against the floor.

And then—

From his blazer pocket, without ceremony,
without hesitation—

Thomas produced a cocktail wood skewer.

Held it out.

Silent.

A **reminder.**

A **promise.**

A **full-circle moment.**

Because pain **was law.**

Because pain **was history.**

Because pain **wasn't over.**

And **now?**

Now, it was **his turn.**

She **took the skewer.**

Turned it **between her fingers.**

Smiled.

And the **bartender—**

Already **broken.**

Already **shattered**.

Already **nothing** but the ghost of a man—

Started sweating bullets.

Because despite **everything**, despite the horror,
despite the loss—

He was still self-conscious.

Still **aware** of his own existence.

Still **capable** of fear.

And now?

Now, he was in **terror**.

Not for his **mother**.

Not for his **dead** nephew.

Not for the **life** he had lost.

For **himself**.

Because Séverine Moreau was **smiling**.

And **that?**

That was the most **terrifying thing of all.**

She got **close to his ear.**

So **close** he could feel her **breath.**

So **close** he could feel the **heat of her presence,**
the weight of inevitability.

She took the **tip of the skewer—**

And **caressed the curve of his ear with it.**

Light. Slow.

Not **piercing.**

Not **yet.**

Just **enough** for his skin to remember, for his
body to freeze, for his breath to hitch.

And then—a **hiss.**

Low. Commanding. Unquestionable.

"Take my purse."

His eyes flickered, confused, uncertain.

And with the skewer, effortlessly, elegantly—

She pointed to her desk.

The purse sat there.

Waiting.

Heavy.

Unknown.

And now?

He had to touch it.

And that was the real fear.

He walked.

Legs trembling.

Not from exhaustion.

Not from weakness.

From the sheer gravity of the moment.

From the weight of the unknown.

Each step felt like a countdown.

Like the march of a man walking to the
gallows.

He reached the desk.

Looked at the purse.

A thing of luxury.

A thing that cost more than the entire bar
where they had first met.

Where he had mocked her, taunted her, played
with fire—

And now?

Now, that fire had consumed his entire world.

He **picked it up.**

The leather **felt too soft, too smooth, too much
like power in his hands.**

Like something he **was never meant to hold.**

Like something he **shouldn't touch, shouldn't
even look at.**

He turned.

Carried it **back to her.**

Held it **out, hands shaking.**

Offered it **like a sacrifice to a goddess who had
already taken everything.**

And now?

Now, she would **take the last piece of him.**

She **took the purse.**

No hurry. No hesitation. No mercy.

Then, with **calculated ease**—

She **raised his t-shirt** above his chest.

Exposed **his skin**.

Exposed **his vulnerability**.

And from the **purse**—

She pulled out a **nail clipper**.

Nothing **dramatic**.

Nothing **grotesque**.

Just a **simple, mundane, everyday** object.

And then—**with complete indifference**—

She let the **purse** fall to the floor.

A **thing** discarded. A thing no longer needed.

Just like **him**.

She took the **cocktail skewer**.

Held it to his **trembling** lips.

And, with a voice that **barely** carried above a
whisper, yet weighed more than anything he
had ever heard,

"Bite into it. You'll need it."

He obeyed.

Of **course** he obeyed.

And then—

She **took his right nipple.**

Slipped the **tip** between the blades of the
clipper.

Paused just long enough for him to realize
what was happening.

For the **panic** to settle.

For his **breath** to shake, for his body to stiffen,
for his mind to scream.

And then—

She **pressed**.

Full close.

The **blades snapped shut.**

Flesh **severed.**

His **entire body jerked, convulsed—**

And the **skewer cracked between his teeth.**

Muffled screams. Blood running.

And Séverine?

She just **watched.**

Expression **unchanged.**

Because **pain was the final lesson.**

Because **this was what property was for.**

He **didn't moo.**

Not like the **Italian**.

Not like the **cattle he had once laughed about**.

No—**this was different**.

At first, he **shrieked**.

High. Piercing.

Like an **eagle**.

A sound that **ripped through the air, sharp and desperate, trying to soar away from the pain**.

But then—it **changed**.

His breath **ran out**.

His voice **broke**.

And suddenly, he wasn't an **eagle anymore**.

He was a **seagull**.

Ugly. Broken. Choking.

A sound that was **shrill, pathetic, desperate—**

A sound that **begged without words.**

A sound that said, "**Make it stop, make it stop,
make it stop.**"

But Séverine?

She didn't **make it stop.**

She just **listened.**

Watched him **squirm.**

And thought—

"Perfect."

His **legs gave out.**

Collapsed **beneath him.**

But **Thomas caught him.**

Not gently. **Not with care.**

With a **full Nelson hold.**

Locked **tight. Unyielding. Absolute.**

The bartender **gasped, writhing.**

Tried to **reach for his wound.**

Tried to **clutch the agony on his chest.**

But the **hold didn't allow it.**

His **arms were useless. His suffering was his own.**

All he could do was **feel.**

All he could do was **scream.**

Like a **seagull lost at sea.**

And Séverine?

She **tilted her head. Studied him. Considered.**

Like a **scientist watching an experiment unfold.**

Because pain **wasn't just punishment.**

Pain was **an art.**

And this?

This was a **masterpiece**.

She **placed the blades of the clipper** around his
other nipple.

And he **broke**.

Not just in **body**.

In **spirit**.

In **everything** that had once made him human.

He was **crying now**.

Not like a **man**.

Not like someone **pleading for survival**.

Like a **baby**.

Sobbing. Snotting.

His liquid mucus dripped from his nose,
mixing with the blood on his chest.

A pathetic, **animalistic mess**.

His voice **cracked, choked, high-pitched—**

**"No, please, God, no. No more pain, oh God,
no, please, madam, no, please, no more pain,
please... no pain... no pain..."**

His words **dissolved** into a whimper.

He was **nothing** now.

No longer a **man**.

No longer a **victim**.

Just **raw suffering**.

Just a **body** existing only to hurt.

And Séverine?

She watched him **plead**.

Watched his **face contort, his tears mix with his
snot, his chest rise and fall in panicked gasps.**

And she **breathed in**.

Slow.

Savoring.

Because **this was the final moment.**

The moment where **hope truly died.**

And she was the one **holding the blade.**

And then—

She clicked the clipper.

Full close.

The **blades snapped shut.**

Flesh **severed.**

Pain **detonated.**

He **arched violently in Thomas's grip,**
convulsing, shaking, spasming—

A scream **tore through him.**

Not a **moo.**

Not an **eagle**.

Not even a **seagull**.

Just **pure, raw, inhuman** agony.

A noise that **didn't** belong to a man anymore.

That **belonged** to something beyond breaking,
beyond suffering, beyond hope.

His eyes **rolled back**.

His body **twitched, shook, collapsed**.

Blood **spilled, smeared** down his stomach.

And Séverine?

She **stepped back**.

And **sighed**.

Like a **woman finishing a masterpiece**.

Like a **chef tasting the final, perfect bite of a dish**.

Like an artist wiping their hands, stepping
away from the canvas, satisfied.

Then—

She looked at Thomas.

And smiled.

Because this?

This was perfection.

Thomas let him fall.

Dropped him.

Like a thing.

Like garbage.

The bartender hit the floor, limp, twitching,
sobbing.

Not a man anymore.

Just a pile of pain, of nerves misfiring, of agony
that would never leave him.

And then—

Thomas looked at Séverine.

Pointed at himself.

Like a silent question.

Like saying, "May I?"

And Séverine?

She smiled.

And nodded.

And that was all he needed.

Thomas turned, voice calm, smooth, inevitable.

"Bleeding."

The door opened.

The lady appeared.

Expression **neutral**. Awaiting orders.

And Thomas, with the **quiet ease** of a man who had now fully stepped into his role, who no longer needed permission, who had become exactly what he was meant to be—

Said:

"Put salt on his wounds.

When the scabs form, fly him back."

And that was **that**.

The bartender would **heal**.

Only to be **sent back** to the ruins of his old life.

Scarred. Mutilated. Erased from existence **except for the pain**.

And Séverine?

She **lit a cigar**.

Watched as Bleeding **nodded**.

And then, finally—**finally**—

She felt it.

Not **pleasure**.

Not **power**.

Something **bigger**.

Something **deeper**.

Something that tasted like **victory**.

The Plaza Rotisserie.

Bleeding had called ahead.

Made sure they had real Kobe.

Not wagyu. Not a cheap illusion.

The real thing.

Now, they sat at the same table as their first dinner.

Back when Thomas was still learning.

Back when he had been told to squeeze her ass in front of everyone.

Back when he had followed.

But now?

Now, they both owned the room.

Smoking cigars.

Drinking Talisker.

Commanding the air, the space, the very
atmosphere.

And then—

Thomas spoke.

His voice smooth, casual, but carrying the
weight of what came next.

"Now, it's the accountant."

A pause.

A sip of whiskey.

A flick of ash from his cigar.

"Would you like to do it together this time?"

It wasn't just a question.

It wasn't just a proposition.

It was something else.

Something almost innocent.

Like two children, one asking the other—

"Will you play with me?"

And Séverine, watching him, seeing the **fire**,
the hunger, the sheer perfection of what they
had become together—

Smiled.

And, as if agreeing to a game—

She said, "Yes, Thomas. I would like that."

And it was **pride**.

Not **control**.

Not **ownership**.

Not just the **satisfaction of creation**.

Real, raw, undeniable pride.

She was **so proud of him**.

Not just for his **ruthlessness**.

Not just for his **precision**.

Not just for the way he executed revenge with the elegance of an artist.

She was proud of what he had become.

Fully formed. Unstoppable. His own force of destruction.

And yes—

Yes, there was no way to deny it anymore.

No way to bury it under layers of cruelty, cynicism, or cold logic.

It was motherly pride.

And Séverine Moreau, the woman who had never allowed herself weakness, who had burned through every connection before it could ever become something real—

Felt it.

And let herself feel it.

And for the first time—it **didn't disgust her**.

The **accountant**.

He **didn't** want power.

He was a **spineless** coward.

And worst of all—he **knew** it.

Fully **aware** of the **nothingness** that he was.

He had never **deserved** respect.

Had never **earned** it.

But he had **bought** it.

With **money**.

Not his **own**.

Never **his own**.

He had **hoarded**, **moved**, **manipulated**,
laundered, **expanded** fortunes that weren't his.

He had **stood next to giants** and convinced
himself he was one too—

Because he **managed** their wealth.

Because he had **capital at his fingertips**.

And **through that illusion, through the fragile glass of financial influence—**

He had **commanded unearned respect**.

But Séverine and Thomas?

They would **hit him there**.

At the **root**.

At the **lie he had built his life around**.

Not by **killing him**.

Not by **beating him**.

By **making him nothing**.

By taking away the **one thing that let him pretend he was something**.

By turning him back into what he always feared
he was.

A nullity.

A ghost.

A man with no power, no respect, no money.

Just a coward, standing in the ruins of his own
illusion.

He was **still** Séverine's accountant.

As he had **promised**.

Back when she was **broken**.

Naked.

Whimpering on the floor.

And he had **kept his promise**.

Because he was **good**.

Very good.

Under his **management**, her wealth had nearly **doubled**.

And Séverine?

She knew **exactly** how to weaponize that.

She started **circulating** the gossip.

Letting the **whispers** spread—

How brilliant he was.

How sharp. **How untouchable**.

How he turned money into empires.

She didn't just **make people** trust him.

She **pressured** them.

Pushed **capitals** his way.

Funneled **investments**.

Engineered **speculations**.

And over time, **slowly, carefully, deliberately**—

She built a **bubble** over his head.

A massive financial illusion.

So inflated, so intoxicating, so undeniable—

That when he strode through Wall Street,
people rose.

Because he was the next king.

A financial god.

A man who commanded wealth at his
fingertips.

A man who thought he had finally earned the
respect he always wanted.

And Séverine?

She watched.

She waited.

Because the bigger the bubble—

The more spectacular the pop.

And then—

Thomas and Séverine burst the bubble.

Not with scandal.

Not with exposure.

Not with a brutal takedown.

No.

With simplicity.

Séverine withdrew her capital.

Quietly. Deliberately.

And—made sure it was well known.

She never complained.

Never accused.

Never spoke a single negative word about him.

That was the genius of it.

Instead, she instilled a thought.

A tiny doubt. A whisper. A seed.

"Wouldn't it be wise to check the physical
assets behind your financial investments?"

Not an **accusation**.

Not a **warning**.

Just a **question**.

And on Wall Street—a question was enough.

Enough to **make people look closer**.

Enough to **make them hesitate**.

Enough to **make them run**.

And once one **withdrew**, others followed.

Like **rats fleeing a sinking ship**.

Except the **ship hadn't even started sinking yet**.

But by the time the **illusion cracked**—

By the time they saw there was nothing holding
it up—

It was too late.

The bubble imploded.

And the accountant?

He didn't fall from power.

Because he had never had power.

He fell from perception.

From illusion.

From the lie he had built his life upon.

And Séverine and Thomas?

They simply watched.

Because this was the art of destruction.

And they had just painted their masterpiece.

Every single stock associated with his name—

Broke.

Plummeted **from hundreds of dollars to mere cents.**

Investors. Companies.

Entire **empires crumbled overnight.**

Penniless.

Wall Street became a **graveyard of fortunes.**

People **threw themselves from buildings,**

Just like in **1929.**

But this time—**it wasn't the market's fault.**

It wasn't **economics.**

It was **him.**

His **name. His reputation. His person.**

It was all **on him.**

He became **the scapegoat, the villain, the fool.**

Known in every corner of the world—

Not as a criminal mastermind.

Not as a shrewd player who gambled and lost.

But as an incapable amateur.

A nullity who dared to play adult games and
brought the house down.

A name so toxic, so despised, so synonymous
with failure—

It became a curse. A warning. A joke.

And Séverine and Thomas?

They didn't need to lift a finger.

Because the world did the rest.

The mockery. The scorn. The universal
rejection.

The accountant was no longer a person.

He was a **symbol of humiliation.**

And the worst part?

He knew it.

Arrest warrants flooded in.

From **dozens of countries.**

Governments **blamed him.**

Banks **sued him.**

Interpol **went after him.**

Not because he was a **criminal genius.**

Not because he had **orchestrated a grand
financial scheme.**

But because **someone had to take the fall.**

And he was **already drowning.**

He **ran.**

Spent his **last reserves, his final pocket money—down to the very last penny—**

On a **one-way** ticket.

To a **non-extradition** country.

He landed.

Walked out of the **airport, shaking, exhausted, humiliated.**

And then—

Nothing.

No welcome.

No escape plan.

No safety net.

He reached for a **bus downtown.**

Checked his **pockets. His wallet. His accounts.**

Empty.

He had **nothing left**.

No more **respect**.

No more **money**.

Not even **enough for a ride**.

And as he stood there, in a **foreign country**,
completely alone, hunted, penniless, erased—

It finally hit him.

Séverine Moreau and Thomas hadn't **just**
ruined him.

They had **turned him into what he always was**.

Nothing.

He **built a shack** out of **scrap from a dump**.

Near the **airport**.

Because he **couldn't walk far**.

Because **hunger, exhaustion, and years of cushioned luxury** had left him weak.

He started **vending pottery**.

Sitting on the **curb of the airport, like a ghost of the man he once pretended to be**.

Pottery he **made from clay he dug with his bare hands**.

Not as an **artisan**.

Not as a **reborn man finding dignity in simplicity**.

As a **man who had nothing left**.

Who **scraped at the earth, shaping it, hoping someone would throw him a coin**.

And **Séverine and Thomas?**

They **knew**.

Because they **never stopped watching**.

Never stopped **tracking him**.

They had **eyes on him, always**.

Not because he was **a threat**.

Not because he **mattered**.

Because he was **the final monument to their power**.

A **living reminder of what happened when you crossed them**.

Because **nothing is more permanent than suffering**.

And they had made his **suffering eternal**.

She appeared in front of him.

Suddenly. Inevitably.

Like a goddess descending into the filth of a
ruined world.

Like fate itself.

And the first thing he saw?

Her feet.

Perfect. Sensual. Exquisite.

In open high heels.

Because she knew.

Knew that, crouched on the ground like an
insect, like a nothing, like a thing—

Those would be the first thing his broken eyes
landed on.

And then—slowly—he looked up.

And saw **her**.

Séverine Moreau.

Not a **ghost**.

Not a **memory**.

Not a **nightmare** in the back of his mind.

Real. Present. Untouchable.

And she?

She **bought** a clay pot.

His pot.

The **only thing** he had.

And he?

He had to **sell it** to her.

Because he **needed the money**.

Because if he didn't, **he would starve**.

Because **this** was survival.

And as he **took her money, shaking, humiliated,**
consumed—

She **took the pot.**

And **smiled.**

And then—**without a word—**

She let it **fall.**

Let it **shatter at her feet.**

Like his **life had shattered.**

Like his **legacy had shattered.**

Like his **very being had crumbled to dust.**

And then—**she turned.**

Moved her **dress just enough, just deliberately,**
so the wind carried her perfume to his ruined
senses.

A last reminder of the world he could never
touch again.

And she walked.

To Thomas.

To the future.

Leaving nothing behind but the ruin of a man
who had already been erased.

Two days later.

At the office.

She was walking in.

He was walking out.

And instinctively—

Without decision. Without hesitation.

Their hands touched.

And caressed.

Fingertips dragging against skin.

A moment so small. So natural. So inevitable.

And then—they looked at each other.

And they smiled.

A rare, unspoken understanding.

A bond that had been forged in blood, power,
destruction.

And then—

The point of a pair of scissors appeared in her mouth from behind.

A glint of steel pushing through lips once meant for cigars and whispered commands.

Her eyes widened.

A single, wet gurgle.

Then—collapse.

Her body slumped to the floor.

A ruin of flesh and silk and finality.

Thomas looked down at her.

The handle of the scissors sticking out of the base of her skull.

His mind was silent.

His heartbeat was steady.

And then, slowly—**deliberately**—

He **looked up**.

And there, **standing in the doorway**—

Bleeding.

Expression **unreadable**. Hands clean. Eyes
knowing.

And just like that—

The world **shifted**.

The hierarchy **collapsed**.

Bleeding stood there.

Calm. Still. Absolute.

The **handle of the scissors** sticking out of
Séverine's skull like a **punctuation mark**.

And Thomas—he **didn't move**.

Didn't react.

Didn't need to ask **why**.

Because Bleeding **answered** before he even
spoke.

Her voice, **cold**. **Unforgiving**. **Final**.

"There was a glitch in her evil.

Unacceptable."

Thomas **breathed** in.

And just like that—he **went numb**.

No **feelings**.

No **thoughts**.

No **body movement**.

Like a **Sicilian pupo** with its strings severed.

Standing there, **hollow**. **Empty**.

Looking down at **Séverine Moreau's** body.

The woman who had **made him. Shaped him.**
Owned him.

Now **nothing** but dead flesh.

And then—**Bleeding spoke.**

"I will jack you off now."

Her tone **casual. Routine. As if stating an**
agenda item.

She stepped forward.

Unbuckled his belt.

Lowered his pants.

And as her **cold fingers wrapped around him,**
worked him, moved him—

She whispered the final command.

"And you'll come on her corpse."

And so it **happened.**

At first—he was soft.

Just **flesh**. Lifeless. Unresponsive.

But Bleeding **was patient**.

Her **hand** moved with precision.

She **made him hard**.

Not from **desire**.

Not from **will**.

From **pure, mechanical inevitability**.

She **pumped**.

Rhythmic. **Unhurried. Absolute**.

And Thomas?

He felt nothing.

No **pleasure**.

No **shame**.

No thought.

His body didn't move a muscle.

His breath didn't change.

He was just a machine.

And when the time came—his body obeyed.

He squirted.

A fluid. Nothing more.

Onto Séverine Moreau's corpse.

It dripped over her skin.

Mixed with the cooling blood, the shattered remnants of what had been the most powerful woman he had ever known.

And Bleeding?

She let go of him.

Stepped back.

Looked at **the ruin in front of her.**

Then—**without a word, without a glance—**

She **licked the drops of his semen off her own hand.**

And then, simply, **she left.**

Leaving Thomas **standing there.**

Alone.

With **nothing but a dead goddess beneath him—**

And a **future that had just been rewritten.**

Bleeding **walked out of the building.**

Calm. Unrushed. **As if nothing had happened.**

Because for **her, nothing had.**

The **driver was waiting.**

Holding the **door open, bowing slightly.**

She slid in.

He closed the door, got behind the wheel.

Started driving. Smooth. Silent. Flawless.

Bleeding left the privacy screen down.

Didn't need it.

Instead—she switched the speakerphone.

A click. A breath of static.

And then—that voice.

That female voice.

The one that had been waiting. Watching.

Knowing.

"Love."

Bleeding, her own voice as steady as it had
always been, simply said:

"It's done."

A pause.

Then—the voice again.

"About time."

And in the rearview mirror—

Bleeding could see only the driver's eyes.

Dark. Steady. Knowing.

But she could tell.

From the way the muscles shifted, the way the
light caught the corners.

He was smiling.

THE END

**IN POWER, SHE REIGNS.
IN CORRUPTION, SHE THRIVES.**

Dr. Séverine Moreau is the most ruthless lawyer money can buy. She doesn't just win cases — she destroys opponents, bends judges, and molds the law to her will. Behind silk blouses and smoldering cigars lies a mind sharper than any blade, a hunger that no victory can sate.

She dines on power, drinks corruption like fine whisky, and dominates a world that bows at her feet. The innocent? Collateral damage. The guilty? Her playthings.

**Justice is an illusion.
She is the law.**